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# **HARVEST OF HORROR:**

***MASS MURDER  
IN HOUSTON***

**BY DAVID HANNA**

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# **PART ONE**

## ***Twenty-Six Murders Plus One***





*"About 99.9 percent of the runaways today turn out to be alive and well and happy wherever they want to be. But those other few—they're the ones who turn up in shallow graves."—Captain R. L. Horton, head of the Missing Persons Detail, Houston, Texas.*

"I killed several of them myself with Dean's gun and helped him choke some others. Dean would have sex with the boys, then he would kill them. We took them and buried them in different places."

When he got used to the idea that he had become someone special, Wayne Henley didn't mind talking to either the police or reporters as he led them to the shallow graves of twenty-six boys, between the ages of thirteen and twenty, who had been the victims of the most hideous mass murder in modern American history.

The eighteen year old high-school dropout had always been a talkative boy, curious, bright, alert. Leaning against one of the sea of police cars surrounding the L-shaped Southeast Boat sheds, a dry

land marina in Southwest Houston where police found the first eight of the decomposed corpses killed by Henley's thirty-three year old companion, Dean Corll, the youth might have been one of millions of American kids, still a boy, not yet a man, awkward, sometimes sullen; often, bright-eyed and cheery. As he talked to the reporters clustered at his feet, Wayne tried to be both. There were moments when he managed complete control of himself, drawling his tale of degeneracy and murder in a dry, cold-as-steel monotone. Then, suddenly, he was someone else—a pale, frail, frightened and tormented youth unable to subdue the hysteria churning inside him. His words became an unintelligible mumble.

The hot, humid air that hung over the prairie-like area had matted his shoulder-length thick, brown hair. The lank hair kept falling across his face and down to his chin. He would shake it away with a peculiar toss of the head. Hours without sleep or respite from tension had rimmed his brown eyes with splotches of red. The blue jump-suit issued to him earlier in the day at the Pasadena Police Station hung loosely on his medium-height, one hundred-and-thirty pound frame. The boy's pock-marked face, shadowed by a wisp of a goatee and light moustache, looked ashen and drawn. His nicotine-stained fingers lunged hungrily at the steady stream of cigarettes offered him by newsmen who lighted them with studied indifference—as though furnishing match flares to a handcuffed youth was the sort of thing they did every day.

When the words gushed out it was as though young Henley worried he might never have the op-

portunity to say them again, that by talking he was purging himself of a nightmare from which he had suddenly awakened. "I don't care who knows it," he almost shouted. "I've got to get it off my chest." Then the words turned into a mumble and the reporters strained to hear them. The words formed images of the twenty-four hours just passed, twenty-four hours in which a fusillade of bullets had ended the three-year torture and murder spree of a man to whom Wayne Henley had been enslaved, physically and emotionally.

"I woke up and Dean was clamping handcuffs on me. The other two (Tim Kerley, 19; Rhonda Williams, 15) were lying on their stomachs and they were handcuffed and their feet were tied. I can't remember whether he tied my feet afterward or whether they were tied when I woke up. I sweet-talked him and promised I'd torture them and kill them if he'd let me go. He was crazy-like, waving a long knife in one hand; his gun, in the other. He kept saying that he'd killed boys before, but first he was going to have his fun.

"To begin with he wanted to kill me. He was mad because I brought the chick over there. Usually there were no girls there. Dean only dug boys. The chick wanted to run away from home, and I was going to travel with Dean. I thought it was safe. I didn't know no better."

"Dean let me up and I got out of the handcuffs. He took them into the bedroom, stripped them naked spread-eagle on the floor. He dumped Tim on his stomach, Rhonda on her back."

"I told him to back off and stop what he was doing. He said something and came at me. That's

when I shot him."

Police found Dean Corll's nude, blood-drenched body in the hallway of his one story green and white frame house, his arms cradling a Princess telephone, at 2020 Lamar Drive, Pasadena, a residential suburb of Houston.

His killer had emptied the entire cylinder—six bullets—into the body. This was murder by someone who had been seized with a huge, overwhelming, insane rage.

The events which led to Dean Corll's murder in the early morning hours of August 8, 1973, had been fairly commonplace in the lives of the two friends. There was going to be a party at Lamar Drive—a shabby sex and drug orgy, really—but Dean and Wayne preferred to refer to their special evenings as "parties." At least that how it had been explained to the lone invited guest, Tim Kerley, a good-looking youth with curly, shoulder-length hair and blue eyes, wearing braces on his teeth, whom Wayne had picked up in the Heights section of Houston where he lived and from which Dean Corll only recently had moved. The boys had driven to Pasadena in Kerley's Volkswagen, a beat-up, teenager's vehicle that served its function, transportation. They arrived at about nine-thirty after Wayne finished his lesson at a driving school where he had enrolled the month before.

En route Wayne wasted little thought on what might happen that night. He told Kerley only essentials, that they'd get high and have fun. Wayne was especially interested in pleasing Dean right now;

bringing him a "new boy" ought to do it. He knew how Dean felt about having someone new and fresh around the house. Wayne had been a "new boy" once himself—more than eighteen months earlier when he had first met Dean, but that was at another address, an apartment in the Heights. He had been invited by David Brooks, his one-time classmate and Dean's sometime roommate.

Like "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Wayne stayed on, not completely displacing David Brooks in Corll's furtive, secret world of young boys, but transforming it into a *menage a trois*. Brooks, another slender young man with shoulder-length hair, showed no resentment of Wayne's intrusion. He was in and out of the apartment all the time although he had departed Dean's bed and board, ostensibly for good, after marrying Bridget Clark. Still, it was clear Wayne had become Number One boy—a status that filled a need in Wayne's tumbled young life, the need to feel wanted and to depend on someone.

There were peaks and valleys in their friendship. Weeks passed when they ignored each other and there were long periods too when Wayne would have nothing to do with Brooks. His mother, Mary Henley, often asked what was wrong, but Wayne never responded with a direct answer. When things were serene the younger man always spent the weekend with Dean. On the evening of August eighth Wayne telephoned his mother to say that he was staying with Tim Herley.

There was no reason for him to lie. Mary Henley approved of his friendship with Corll and realized what it meant to the oldest of her four sons—an es-

cape from the Heights and the drab life of the people caught up in it.

From the Heights, on a clear day, you can see the towers of the booming downtown district of Houston rising out of the landscape to the south. The Heights is one of this new city's older neighborhoods. There are still shopping centers and big churches left. But the side streets are run down, given over to the white laboring class. There are pickup trucks in the driveways, and tires on frayed ropes in the weedy backyards.

Older residents most likely moved in from the country when they were young. They still hold the values of the farm and the frontier, while their sons and daughters are caught up in urban complexities. It is the kind of place where children grow up to be waitresses or filling station attendants, serving the people who work in the air-conditioned offices downtown.

In Houston's gay society, the Heights is also known as *Homo Heights* because of the availability of teenagers like Wayne Henley, high school drop-outs unemployable in skilled crafts, whose pale thin, poorly nourished bodies can be bought for a night of sex for a few dollars. They're "trade," male whores and hustlers in the gay world who are paid to submit to homosexual encounters. Generally their homosexual contacts are confined to a passive level, thus affording them the privilege of stoutly maintaining their normality and masculinity. Products of poverty and ignorance, they are as bewildering to psychiatrists as they are to themselves.

Wayne Henley had frankly hustled Corll since their first encounter. If he was slavish in his devotion

Wayne also knew how to manipulate his older companion. Wayne's I.Q. was high and there were times in his school life when his grades and achievements showed a boy capable of college work. No one knew better how beguiling Wayne could be than the young man himself. He learned how to "sweet talk" Corll because he needed him. Dean's money bought the few pleasures he sought—beer and pot.

But lately the relationship appeared imperiled. Another youth had caught Dean's fancy, someone who also came from the Heights. He has been identified in the gay sub-culture only as "Guy." Wayne knew very little about him and evidently the affair had blossomed during one of their periodic spats. Right now Wayne especially needed to keep things cool with Dean. He was looking forward to their trip to Colorado, where Dean intended visiting his mother, Mary West. Finding Tim had been a stroke of luck. The blond boy was very much Dean's type. Wayne ought to know, for there had been an unobtrusive change in their relationship since those days when Dean paid him five dollars to commit oral sodomy on him. Wayne had become Dean's procurer.

When the Volkswagen braked to a halt at 2020 Lamar Drive, Wayne saw that Dean was home. His white van was parked in the driveway; the truck and its color amounted to Dean's trademark, a throw-back to the years when his family ran a candy factory in the Heights. As a kid Dean used to forage in the woods for the nuts that went into the making of his mother's pralines. That was when the business started and she worked out of her kitchen. Then Dean took over delivery and drove the truck. To hundreds of Heights kids he was known as *The*



### *Candy Man.*

Corll was skilled at entertaining young boys, and Tim was made to feel comfortable. Dean laughed a lot and appeared to brim over with fun and good cheer. He stood close to six feet and wore his black, curly hair short. His two hundred pound frame was all muscle. His dark eyes alternated between soft and sensuous and sharp and cruel.

But Corll wasn't for real. He was all artifice—forcing it. He wanted to appear younger than his thirty-three years—and it showed. There was something phony in the way he tried to use the slang of today's young people. But his young guests weren't perceptive enough to notice. They hadn't come to his home to analyze or to relate. They were there to get high, and that's how it started that warm August night in 1973.

Wayne and Tim seemed satisfied to sniff the fumes of paint thinner while Dean smoked pot and drank beer. That lasted until about midnight when Wayne announced that he and Tim were going out for some sandwiches.

Instead Wayne led Tim back to the Heights where they picked up Rhonda Williams, a girl Wayne had been seeing a lot of lately. Only fifteen, Rhonda was extremely well-endowed and could pass herself off as older. She was a sultry brunette who, in spite of her rounded-out good looks, was sensible enough not to want to jump into the adult world too quickly. But she was in trouble with her family and had been staying with some people they didn't approve of. Wayne had told her a lot about the goings-on in Pasadena, parties and the like. When suddenly he and Tim were on her doorstep inviting her to one,

Rhonda brightly accepted.

Whether Rhonda grasped the impact of her surprise appearance in Dean Corll's home wasn't recorded, but the host was furious. "Why did you bring that chick here?" Dean demanded. Wayne resorted to "sweet talk" and calmed him down and the party went right on in the curtained rooms of the house on Lamar Drive. Eventually the kids passed out.

It must have been dawn when Wayne felt the cold steel of handcuffs being locked around his wrists. He shook himself awake to find Dean standing above him, pale and white in his nudity.

The events that followed formed the first stage of Wayne Henley's account to the police and reporters.

Wayne, looking around the room, saw that Kerley and Rhonda were lying on the floor, their wrists and ankles shackled, their lips, like his, sealed with masking tape. Seeing him awake, Corll removed the tape from Wayne's lips. Henley began arguing. Kerley and Rhonda awakened and started to struggle with the handcuffs.

Corll was like a wild man—swinging a long knife and pointing his revolver at one and then the other—shouting and ranting that he had killed before and could kill again. "But first, I am going to have my fun," he shouted.

Wayne began to talk—fast. He begged Corll to simmer down, to free him. He promised to help kill the others, agreeing to rape Rhonda while Dean performed anal intercourse with the boy. Corll unlocked Wayne's handcuffs, lifted Kerley and carried him to the bedroom, returning a few seconds later to move Rhonda.

Following him into the bedroom Wayne saw that Kerley was fastened to a board face down. Corll lay Rhonda on the floor face up. There was a break in his concentration and he went to the bathroom to obtain a lubricant for the anal assault.

Wayne realized Corll had left his revolver on a table. He watched it out of the corner of his eye, attempting unsuccessfully to perform sex with Rhonda. He was unable to achieve an erection. Corll, likewise, was frustrated by the force young Kerley put into wiggling his body.

Wayne got up and said he was going to the bathroom. When he came back he picked up the gun. Dean stood up and started after him. At that instant Wayne fired—emptying the revolver's six bullets, each one finding a mark in Corll's head, shoulders and back.

What motivated Wayne's fury is less important than the fact that in shooting Corll he undoubtedly saved two lives besides his own. Said psychiatrist Charles Lamark. "From what we later learned of Wayne's own participation in the torture and murders of the young boys his inability to achieve erection was providential. Had he become caught up in the passions of the moment (as he had in previous orgy murders) he might conceivably have carried out his promise to Corll of helping in the murder of the young people.

"Obviously a wide range of emotions flashed through his mind: his disgust at his own impotence (for which he may have blamed Dean), his insecurity in a competitive situation with the mysterious Guy and, undoubtedly, a compelling desire to assert his masculinity. In emptying the revolver Wayne was

subconsciously wiping out all the degradation in his association with Dean Corll."

The events of the next hours appeared to confirm Dr. Lamark's analysis. Henley freed the two captives who, by this time, were hysterical. He may have considered fleeing Lamar Drive but, if he thought about it, he couldn't. Everyone Wayne knew was aware of his association with Corll. Tim and Rhonda could not be depended upon for silence. All they knew of Corll was the terror of the experience they had barely lived through. So once they were dressed and somewhat calmed down Wayne called the police. The three young people filed into the street where they huddled together waiting for the police car which soon sped down Lamar Drive toward the green and white bungalow.

The patrolmen manning it were joined almost immediately by Detective Sergeant David Mullican, driving an unmarked car. Mullican was a veteran investigator, calm, collected, sure of himself, an officer with twelve years of solid police work behind him. Mullican was no stranger to violence or to Houston's sorry reputation in the Fifties and Sixties as the "murder capital of the world."

A patrolman handed Mullican the gun, retrieved from the porch where Henley dropped it. To calm the youthful trio Mullican decided to settle for the barest details of the incident and sent them to the Pasadena police station to be held for questioning when he got there. Mullican strode into the house and began a slow, systematic search as a police ambulance arrived to take the body away and a photographer joined in Mullican's careful, detail by detail note-taking. He photographed the body, the

areas of the house where the struggle had taken place and the various items Mullican pointed out.

Mullican quickly understood that he had wandered into a vastly more complex homicide than the average. Take the items on his inventory, for instance. They were hardly the things one found in the average American household. Mullican listed them—a plywood torture board with attached handcuffs, a plastic sheet which covered the rug. Why? Then there were several sets of handcuffs, an assortment of handcuff keys, the large knife Corll had threatened the kids with, a roll of binding tape, a dildo seventeen inches long, a tube of petroleum jelly and a mask with a transparent plastic front which fitted over the face.

What, at first glance, appeared to contain only the elements of a shooting involving sexual assault, assumed new dimensions. Mullican had been around. He knew that the items belonged to, in police parlance, a person or persons involved in the sexual practices of sadism and masochism.

The items, collected in Corll's house, from the petroleum jelly to the mask, could have been found in any of the hundreds of "sex boutiques" flourishing in major American cities and in the mail order catalogues of firms dealing in esoteric merchandise.

The sexual revolution has come full circle. And as a more enlightened generation has found it comparatively simple to rethink its attitudes toward free love, lesbian and male homosexual relations it has encouraged fetishists to be less furtive about their sexual mores. Not that devotees of S & M list their sexual preference on employment applications but society has come to recognize that the impulse to en-

gane in sado-masochistic practices is more basic to the human mentality than most nonparticipants would like to admit. In light of the suddenness—and the completeness—with which the sexual revolution has circled the globe it is difficult to determine whether the upsurge in S & M is a reflection of a new vogue or whether it had simply kept itself underground for centuries. Whatever, it is intrinsic to today's society and among the first to recognize it were the merchandisers of sexual artifacts.

Virtually all of the sexual paraphernalia available today in the United States has long been on sale under the counter in Europe and openly in Eastern countries like Japan. At hand is an expensive, handsomely turned out catalogue from a New York dealer in sex gadgets who calls it a "compendium of amorous and prurient paraphernalia, erotica; et. al." An entire section is devoted to *Bondage and Restraint*, dramatically introduced with the following:

*Man is ingenious. As he has developed other items to make his life easier to cope with, he has gotten more sophisticated in his sexual attitudes. He has come up with a tremendous variety of shackles and bondage equipment, a complete list of which is absolutely impossible; everyone has his own fantasy, and for each fantasy there are dozens of pieces of equipment and dozens of combinations that can be conceived. We show here a large variety of items for bondage, discipline, etc. We are also equipped to design and manufacture items specifically to suit your needs.*

Among the items available are chain shackles,

strait jackets, hand cuffs, thumb cuffs, slave collars, body harnesses for men and women, male and female chastity belts, leather thongs, whips and paddles as well as the type of leather mask found in Dean Corll's house. In promoting the masks the catalogue notes: *The sensuous security of a close fitting hood is without parallel. The various styles available provide for a wide range of bondage tastes.*

The torture board, however, appears to have been Corll's own invention. It was 6 feet long, 2½ feet wide, made of light brown plyboard. Holes were drilled in each corner and through the openings a cord was pushed to tightly hold the arms and legs of its boy victims who were tied to it, his legs spread-eagled.

Another hole was drilled in the middle at the top of the plywood so it could be hung from the ceiling. That way, two boys could be tied at the same time to either side.

After completing his painstaking inspection of the Corll house, Mullican returned to the police station where Henley and his companions had been fed; Kerley and Rhonda were turned over to juvenile authorities. Mullican began his quiet interrogation of Wayne Henley.

The question of Henley's right to remain mute or to have a lawyer present at the time of his confession to Mullican was to arise when the case came to court. At the time, reporters, noting how freely Henley spoke to them, were convinced that the gradual unfolding of the whole shocking story was Henley's free choice. It was, as they pointed out in their

stories, a purgative for the young man's tormented mind.

Satisfied that Wayne had killed his friend in self defense, Mullican concentrated his questioning on statements by all three victims of Corll's attack that the victim had spoken of murdering before. At first Wayne limited his response to saying that all he knew of Corll's murders was what Dean had told him. He believed that there were some murders committed long before he met Dean and that Corll had shipped the bodies to California.

Mullican was patient. He knew that, having gotten off the subject of his first story, the death of Dean, Wayne had more to tell. He waited—and not for long. Wayne told him that he remembered Dean telling him about two boys, Charles Cobble and Marty Jones whom he had killed and buried in a boathouse he rented in Southeast Houston. Mullican checked with Missing Persons and discovered that, indeed, the two boys had disappeared under strange circumstances. They were sharing a furnished room at the time, odd for kids still in high school and with families they could live with. But, otherwise, their records were clean.

It wasn't something that Mullican wanted to believe but his cop's sixth sense told him that Henley was right; the youths were buried in the boat yard. The skepticism Mullican met from others in the precinct when he emerged from the long hours with Henley didn't stop him. He got a group of trustees from the jail and made up a search party that would take off for the Southwest Boat Storage immediately.

Dean's stall was number eleven and its six-feet



wide doors were locked with a heavy padlock. Police went in search of the owner, Mrs. Mayme E. Meynier. She didn't have a key; she said Corll kept the keys to the place himself. Police forced the doors open and tried to make sense of the windowless crowded stall, about 12 feet wide and 30 feet deep with a sloping roof running from 14 feet in front to 12 in the rear. It was decided to clear the interior first of the accumulation which included several bags of lime, a number of empty lime bags, the rusted body of a car and a bicycle later identified as belonging to two of Corll's victims.

Mullican had selected a section of the dirt floor as the place to begin because it showed a suspicious bulge. Sweat poured off the bodies of the men as they shovelled away in the oven-like enclosure, stepping outside now and then to take a breath of the hot, humid air. It made very little difference, so back they went until they reached their first specimen of lime. Then they held back on their shovels and the police fell to their knees to pick away at the earth more slowly, sifting the mixture of dirt and lime by hand.

Suddenly it was there in all its horror and terrible stench—the decomposed remains of a young boy with a rope around his neck. The men shuddered but the smell was too horrible to pause long. They lifted the plastic bag with its pitiful remains out of its grave and carried it outside where they laid it gently on the ground.

That was the beginning—but only the beginning. The horror had just started.

It was dusk when they brought out the second body and by this time the Medical Examiner had

arrived, along with a hearse and lights and a generator. The illumination made the heat and the stench even more unbearable, but the police and the trustees continued to dig, furiously smoking away at cigars to reduce the acrid smell. When the digging ended about midnight, eight young bodies had been found.

Two corpses were found buried together. Preliminary identification suggested they were brothers. In some places the bodies went three deep, with a layer of lime covering each corpse and a layer of lime over that. Some of the bodies were nude. Others were buried in bathing suits. One naked body bore only a cross and a chain around his neck.

As body after body was gouged out of the ground the stench grew awful and the diggers more morose and depressed. "It takes a cruel man to do this," said Miguel Garaza, one of the Spanish-speaking trustees. "I never forget this. It hurts when you reach in and grab a pair of pants that were for a small boy."

Throughout the day Houston's television stations were hot on the trail of the story. Their mobile cars had located the police activity and they were at the boathouse as the bodies one by one were carried outside and into the waiting hearse. At the height of the evening news broadcast, a TV news man arranged a telephone hookup for Wayne Henley to his mother. His words were heard across the country.

"Mama! Mama! I've killed Dean. I've told them everything."

"What do you mean, everything?" asked Mrs. Mary Henley.

"Just everything."

"Oh, Wayne," she said, and she knew what a mother knows about her son.

"Mama, be happy for me, because now, at last, I can live."

There were other conversations made public that night. Marina owner Mrs. Meynier recalled that Dean Corll was a gentleman "with an outgoing nature who smiled a lot and had dimples, a man who paid his rent promptly." Her daughter volunteered that Corll always stopped by and visited her mother and that sometimes she wondered why he kept unloading things at the boathouse so often. Once Corll asked if he could rent additional space but none was available.

From a father whose son later turned out to be among the victims a reporter heard, "Months ago I told the police I suspected bodies were being buried by that man in the boat shed. They did nothing about it."

At midnight police called a halt to the grueling, sickening task. They could endure it no longer—even if they knew there were still more bodies buried there. Henley had enumerated seventeen. But the horror, the stench, the grueling work in the humidity affected even the toughest human spirit. They packed up the lights, the generator, the shovels, the picks, loaded themselves and the trustees into cars, and got out. Only the car carrying Henley and the detectives had the siren on.

They would start again at dawn.

For the Medical Examiner of Harris County, Dr. Joseph Jachimczyk and his staff the cruel task of identifying the young victims began. They were too overcome by the enormity and difficulties of their

task to suspect they were piecing together the medical evidence of the largest mass murder in America's modern history.

Nothing in the criminal annals of Houston or its suburban neighbor, Pasadena, had ever occurred to create the tensions and confusions existing there on the morning of August ninth, a Thursday. The magnitude of the tragedy had just begun to penetrate the minds of the numbed, bone-weary city officials and police. At a time when they needed most to collect themselves they were hit from every direction.

Wayne Henley's anguished telephone conversation with his mother had been heard on TV around the world. The expectation that there would be more—many more—corpses than those the boathouse was physically capable of concealing had produced an avalanche of queries from the global press. America's major newspapers assigned top reporters to the case, and Houston's hotels began handling overseas reservations for European publications whose correspondents and photographers were already winging over the Atlantic.

Official Houston's telephones bogged down under the weight of calls from all over the country from anxious parents who were fearful that their runaway sons had been among the bodies uncovered the night before. The Medical Examiner's office was inundated with inquiries—and even threats. Operators did their best to explain the problems involved in identifying the corpses and the reluctance of the Examiner to release names prematurely. Their man-

power was already taxed to the breaking point. Some of the remains consisted only of bones and hair. Lime deposits sprinkled over the bodies had hastened their decomposition.

Closer to home, Mrs. Henley arrived at the Pasadena police station to be near her son. She told reporters, "Dean must have done something terrible for him to do such a thing." She wished the police would hang him to a tree rather than keep him cooped up in prison. She described her son as a good boy who had dropped out of school in order to help support her and his grandmother, Mrs. M. Christine Weed. She remembered Dean Corll as a man so nice and easy going that even her pet dog liked him. Mrs. Henley said Corll "just counted himself as one of the kids," and the only time she ever saw him angry was when she made reference to his age.

From Colorado Dean Corll's mother, Mrs. Mary West, was heard from. She bridled at the broadcast insinuations that her son was a homosexual, recalling that, as a youth, a man had made improper advances to him which he had aggressively resisted. She volunteered the opinion that his juvenile friends were, more logically, the criminals and that they were using her dead son to cover their tracks.

The parents of missing boys in and around Houston, Pasadena and especially the Heights, were the most heartbreaking to deal with. What could the authorities say? Little beyond the obvious, that identification was proceeding slowly but surely. They wanted, at all costs, to avoid double heartbreak by identifying a body mistakenly. Even at that they failed, sending the wrong bodies to a distraught father. They stoically endured the anger

heaped on them by soul-sick, mind weary fathers and mothers who accused them of inefficiency and slovenly police work. If there were excuses to offer, now was not the time to make them.

Only the detectives immediately involved in the case could hope that their investigation was on the threshold of becoming more specific if no more tolerable than it had been the day before.

Early in the Mullican questioning of Wayne Henley, the name of David Brooks had shown up. He was identified as the boy who first introduced Henley and Corll. Enough was said to establish a homosexual relationship among the three men. When Brooks was located, his father Alton Brooks accompanied him to the police station.

Tragedy shows little discrimination when it strikes and Alton Brooks must have wondered at the fates that led him to a police station where he delivered his son to answer questions about the Corll torture killings. Brooks and his father had talked long into the night and over and over again the young man assured his parent that he personally had never taken another's life. After young Brooks made the confession, Brooks, Sr. stepped out of the limelight and was not heard from afterward. The confession follows:

My name is David Brooks. I am 18 years old and I live at 145 Pech with my wife Bridget.

The first killing that I remember happened when Dean was living at the Yorktown townhouse. The first few that Dean killed were supposed to have been sent off someplace in California.

I never actually killed anyone but I was in the room when they happened and was supposed to help if something went wrong. The first was Yorktown and there were two boys there and I left before they were killed but Dean told me that he had killed them afterwards. I don't know who they were or where they were buried.

The first I remember was at 6363 San Felipe. It was Reuben Harvey and only Dean and I. I also remember two boys who were killed at the Place One Apts. on Magnum. They were brothers whose father worked next door where they were building some apartments. I was present when Dean killed those boys by strangling them. But again I didn't help. The youngest of these boys is the youngest of them all.

On Columbia just before Wayne came into the picture Dean kept this boy around the house for about four days before he killed him. I don't remember his name but we picked him up on Eleventh and Rutland. I think I helped bury this boy also but I don't remember where it was. That was about two years ago. It really upset Dean to have to kill this boy because he really liked him.

Glass was also killed at Columbia. I had taken him home one time but he wouldn't get out because he wanted to go back to Dean. I took him back and Dean ended up killing him. Now that I think about it I'm not sure it was Glass but I believe it was.

When we were living on Columbia Wayne got involved. Wayne took part in getting the

boys at first and then later took an active part in the killings. Wayne seemed to enjoy causing pain and was especially sadistic at the Schuler address.

Most of the killings after Wayne got involved had all three of us but I still did not take part in the actual killings. Mark Scott was killed at the Schuler address. I had told yesterday in my witness statement about Mark Scott being at the Schuler house. But I did not say that I was present which I was. Mark had a knife and he tried to get Dean. He swung at him with a knife and caught Dean's shirt and barely broke the skin. He still had one hand tied and Dean grabbed the hand and Wayne ran out of the room and got a pistol and Mark just gave up. Wayne killed Mark Scott and I think that he strangled him. Mark was either buried at the beach or at the boathouse.

There was a Billy Balsch and one named Johnny, I think. Malone. Wayne strangled Billy and he said, "Hey Johnny" and when Johnny looked up Wayne shot him in the forehead with a .25 automatic. The bullet came out of his ear and he raised up and about three minutes later he said, "Wayne, please don't." Then Wayne strangled him and Dean helped.

It was when we were living on Schuler that Wayne and Dean got me down and started to kill me. I begged Dean not to kill me and he finally let me go. Also here he got Billy Ridinger. I took care of him while I was there and I believe the only reason he is alive is because I begged them not to kill him.



Wayne and Dean got one boy by themselves at Schuler, a tall skinny boy. I just happened to walk in and there he was. I left before they killed him.

The first at Wescott Towers Apartment (They had two there), I think were two young boys from the Heights. I don't know their name. Wayne accidentally shot one of them around 7 p.m. I was asleep in the other room. Dean told me Wayne had come in waving the .22 and accidentally shot one of the boys in the jaw. The bullet just went in a little bit. They killed those boys later that day.

Dean moved to the Princess Apts. on Wirt Road and I remember him getting one boy there by himself. He wanted me to help him but I wouldn't do it. I didn't want to mess with this one because I had someplace I wanted to go so I tried to get him mad so he would leave but he wanted to stay. Dean grabbed this boy and within three minutes of when he grabbed him I was gone. At that time I was using Dean's car so I was in and out all the time.

When he moved to Pasadena there was one of them from Baton Rouge and one small blond boy from South Houston. I saw the boy from South Houston about 45 minutes. I took him a pizza and then I left and he wanted me to come back. I wasn't there when either of these boys were killed. I did come in just after Dean had killed the boy from Baton Rouge and that was on a different day from the blond boy.

In all I guess there were between 25 and 30 boys killed and they were buried in three dif-

ferent places.

I was present and helped bury many of them but not all of them. Most are buried at the boat stall, three or four at Sam Rayburn—I am sure at Sam Rayburn. On the first one at Sam Rayburn I helped bury them and then the next one we took to Sam Rayburn. When he got there Dean and Wayne found that the first one had come to the surface and either a foot or a hand was above the ground. When they buried this one the second time they put some type of sheet rock on top of him to keep him down.

The third place was at the beach at High Island. This was right off the Winnie exit where that road goes to the beach. You turn east on the beach road and go till the pavement changes, which is about a quarter or half mile, and the bodies are on the right side of the highway, about 15 or 20 yards off the road. I never actually buried any here but I always drove the car. I know that one of the graves had a big rock on top of it. I think there were five or more bodies buried at this location.

The bodies at the beach are in a row down the beach for perhaps a half a mile or so.

I am willing to show the officers where the graves are and will try to locate as many as possible.

I regret all this that happened and am sorry for the kids' families. I am making this statement of my own free will and have not promised anything.

The statement was signed by David Brooks and

witnessed by his father and Homicide Detective Jim D. Tucker.

With the Brooks confession in their pockets Houston police shifted the macabre investigation into high gear. The second day's digging in the boathouse was, if anything, worse than the first. As they dug deeper for bodies that had been buried longer only fragments of bones and tendons remained—the flesh having been eaten away by the lime. They were simply lumps of decomposed flesh.

They found nine more bodies in that dreadful day—a day when the digging stopped time and time again when the men began to slip in the damp ground. The stench was unbearable and trustees and police who came outside for air swore to themselves that nothing could drive them back. They went back.

Brooks and Henley started a mournful parade as the boys led an army of police and trustees back to the boathouse, then to a beach at High Island. They were trailed by still another army of news reporters, photographers, feature writers representing the press of the world and television newsmen. There were helicopters hovering overhead and even a small plane. Then there were the curious—thousands of them who flocked to the burial sites to watch the grisly excavations.

By Friday the body count stood at twenty-three after four more bodies were unearthed near the Sam Rayburn Reservoir. Another two were dug up at High Island.

The 22nd and 23rd bodies were found on a stretch of lonely beach near the east end of the Bolivar Peninsula. The boys wanted it known that they had not

buried one of the High Island bodies. Brooks said Dean Corll had one day six months earlier pointed out a big rock on the beach and said, "This is where I buried one of the boys." The body was almost totally decomposed except for some flesh on the feet. It was wrapped in plastic sheeting similar to that covering many of those found at the Southwest Boat Storage.

About a hundred yards up the beach the sand yielded still another victim—this one was unwrapped. The skull had long black hair.

Reporters noticed the contrast in the behavior of the two young killers. Brooks refused to speak with reporters and futilely tried to shield his face from the cameras. Henley, on the other hand, appeared relatively unperturbed, answering questions freely and even inviting the photographers to "come over and get your pictures."

At one point when newsman asked Wayne who was in the graves he blandly replied, "Just some boys I helped Dean get. He raped them, killed them and buried them. I helped him." How did Corll kill them? Henley explained that Corll would place his victims on a plastic sheet, either shoot them or choke them, then roll up the plastic. Asked why Corll buried some of the boys so far away, Henley answered and then laughed at his sick joke, "Because he ran out of room at the boathouse."

There was little love between the two boys. Asked if his confession had incriminated Brooks, Wayne answered, "No, David hung himself." Then he volunteered, "David Brooks lived off Wayne most of his life. But I worked."

Over one of the graves at the Sam Rayburn Reser-

voir, one hundred and twenty miles north of Houston, Henley bowed his head, pointed at the spot and said, "Billy is buried there." Billy Lawrence was only fifteen when he left his home in the Heights earlier in the summer, telling his parents he was off to see the world with a rock band. But he made his way to the Candy Man's torture board instead.

At another spot in the woods the skinny youth was asked by reporters, "What happened here?" Henley answered, "Boys were buried. Dean decided he wanted to have sex with them, killed them then brought them here."

"Why here, Wayne?"

The boy mumbled, "Dean's parents have a place here." He told the reporters that Corll paid him and Brooks five and ten dollars a boy to lure them to his various apartments. "I feel pretty grotesque," he said. "I almost cracked several times. I didn't feel I was able to hold my sanity much longer."

Reporters heard from one of the detectives that Wayne told him about a boy Corll had strangled. "He thought he had drowned the fellow in a bathtub so he stepped outside. The boy got up and put up a fight. Corll finally strangled him."

Another officer, looking at the ambulances driving back and forth with their cargo of plastic bags of bones, said sadly, "We still have more good people than we have people going around taking lives. That's my opinion. But I think possibly the law ought to be changed back to where you get an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

At a lake cabin rented by Corll's father police discovered an array of devices believed connected with Corll's sex habits—several plastic bags, a rubber de-

vice with loops on its handle, a rope tied into a noose, three pairs of plastic gloves and a large canvas sling.

By Monday, August fourteenth, the search party uncovered four more bodies on a beach east of High Island near Galveston, bringing the total to twenty-seven youths in what was now known as the Houston Mass Murder Case. Later, one of the bodies was ruled out as unrelated to the Corll case, reducing the total to twenty-six, still making the orgy of murder the worst in United States history.

Until the Houston case the most murders attributed to one person in recent times involved the bodies of twenty-five farm hands found buried in a California farm along the Feather River in 1961. Juan Corona, a farm worker, was convicted of the killings in 1973 and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Other mass murders included:

Charles Whitman who killed his wife and mother, then killed fourteen persons and wounded thirty-two others on August 1, 1966, from the observation deck of the University of Texas Tower in Austin before being shot down from his perch by a policeman.

Howard B. Unruh, twenty-eight, a World War II veteran, killed thirteen Camden, N. J. residents in September, 1949. He was captured and is confined to a State Hospital in Trenton. Richard Speck, a twenty-five year old drifter, killed eight young nurses July 14, 1966, in their apartment on Chicago's South Side. Sentenced to death, his life has been spared by the Supreme Court's decision outlawing the death penalty.

However, the mass murderer of the record book may have been Herbert Webster Mudgett, known as

H. H. Holmes, who confessed in the late 1880's to disposing of at least one hundred and fifty bodies. He was found guilty and hanged in 1886 for the murder of a business associate. When, after his death, Holmes' house burned down, searchers found the remains of an estimated two hundred corpses in the basement.

The Corll killings amount to a gruesome new record in that the victims were all male. Most mass murderers on this continent directed their insanity at women. Some believed there was a homosexual element in the Juan Corona case but the killer's family vehemently denied it. The classic American homosexual killing involved one boy, killed by Leopold and Loeb in Chicago earlier this century. They were defended by famed criminal lawyer, Clarence Darrow, who avoided a jury trial and pleaded insanity before a judge. The killers, rich, socially prominent and both superior intellectually, were sentenced to life imprisonment instead of the common murder penalty of the era, the electric chair.

The world record for homosexual mass killings appears to belong to Germany's *Ogre of Hanover*, Fritz Haarmann who lived from 1879 to 1925. Haarmann was found guilty of twenty-four murders involving sex perversion. There might have been thirty—Haarmann wasn't sure.

The height of his murderous career occurred during the black market and inflation that struck Germany after World War I. Haarmann, a police informer, used to pose as a detective and would use his authority as a "detective" to lure victims to his apartment.

Dr. Shervert Frazier, an authority on violent

murders, wrote, "By killing children and young men he was able to combine sexual perversion with financial profit from the sale of their clothes and (it was believed) from their flesh in the form of black market sausages."

Haarmann was aided by a younger homosexual partner. Before his death Haarmann requested that his fellow murderer lay a wreath on his grave on his birthday.

From the minute its personnel was summoned to the boathouse, Houston's Medical Examiner's office became a laboratory under siege. Normal operations of the bureau were tripled, quadrupled; posts had to be manned virtually around the clock.

Not a member of the team ever thought of shirking on the job and the Examiner's telephone operators deserved medals for their incredibly difficult job of handling the hysterical calls from distraught parents. It was neither easy or feasible to explain the complicated process of identifying decomposed corpses buried in lime and retrieved from the earth after years. They did their best—commiserating on a personal level and telling callers over and over that "they understood" and "everything humanly possible is being done."

Three days after the first eight bodies were uncovered at the boatshed, only three had been positively identified. Compounding the problems of identification was the absence of dental charts and fingerprints. First, fingerprints become unrecognizable after long periods in the ground. Second, no prints had ever been taken of the young victims.



Third, some had never been to a dentist. Everett Waldrop was able to identify his sons from their clothes—a shirt and a belt buckle. One boy's habit of routinely tearing off one pocket of his shirt helped facilitate the identification.

Ten bodies were handled over one twenty-four hour period, leaving eleven untouched. Dr. Jachimczyk explained that the usual work load of his laboratory continued and could not be neglected. "As soon as we get a break," he said, "we'll go back to them."

"Ideally, what we would like to do is to keep going right on through but it will take all of next week and possibly the week after that." The Medical Examiner throughout maintained his optimism that all the bodies would be identified in spite of the obstacles. He asked parents of missing boys to aid him by supplying dental charts where they existed.

For the doctor it was a tedious, heartbreaking job, the worst he had ever encountered in years of service as a medical examiner. What appeared to bother him most was the pressure of the work. Tension affected his normally cheerful disposition.

Out of the Medical Examiner's office the names started to emerge—one by one. As they reached the black ink in the official reports of the city and the newspaper stories they became statistics, so many aged seventeen, so many from out-of-town, so many from Houston, etc.

At least five of the victims came from the Heights. Two disappeared in the fortnight directly preceding Corll's murder. Two others had been missing more than two years.

They ranged in age from David Hilligiest and Richard C. Hembree who were thirteen to Ruben

Watson who was nineteen. Frank Aguirre was also nineteen until he met his murderers, their torture board, and the plastic covering in which he was strangled to death.

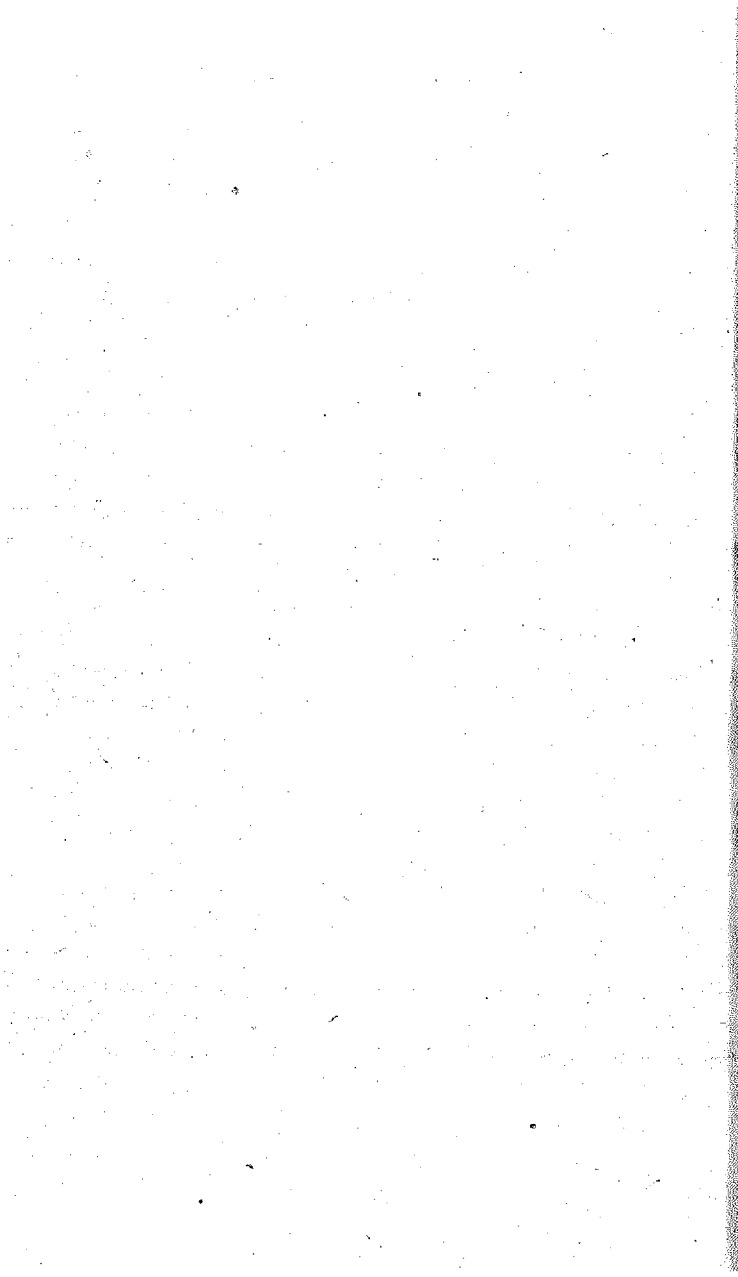
How could it have happened? How could so many boys whose paths crossed every day, on the street, at the neighborhood candy stores, in school at the municipal swimming pool, disappear off the face of the earth without a single, solitary person noticing the coincidence?

Why, in view of the vaunted genius of modern computers, were not their names and those of their buddies given a runthrough to determine if some pattern were involved in their disappearance? Failing that, why hadn't a human noticed the link between the missing boys and Corll-Henley-Brooks? They were all visible, well known in the Heights.

Struggling to sustain herself with some sort of rationale, Mrs. Dorothy Hilligiest said, "I think the police did something. But they could have done more. I knew my boy wasn't a runaway. But they class the very young and adults as missing persons. Teenagers are listed as runaways."

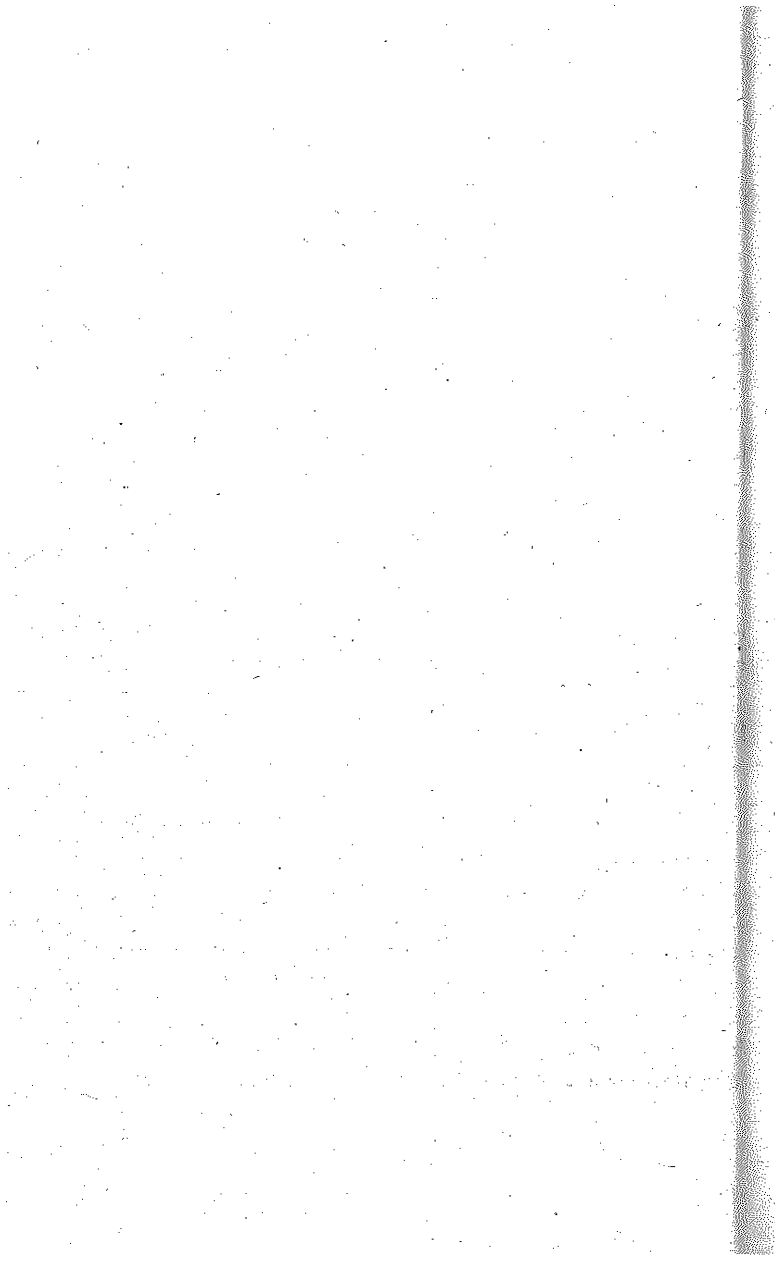
That's part of the answer. But complicating the Houston case was the fact that the disappearances occurred over a two year span. And while children in a neighborhood usually get to know each other, quite often the families do not.

During one of the few breaks in those first two weeks of the search Captain R. L. Horton, head of the Missing Persons Detail shook his head sadly and said, "About 99.9 percent of the runaways today turn out to be alive and well and happy wherever they want to be. But those other few—they're the ones who turn up in shallow graves."



# **PART TWO**

***Runaways***



*"Had Dean Corll ever been reached by gay liberation, there might be thirty more boys in their homes or on the streets of Houston, Texas"—Sociologist Laud Humphreys.*

When Fred and Dorothy Hilligiest told police on May 30, 1971, that their son was missing they were assured that he was probably staying with friends.

They couldn't accept that. "That wasn't David's way or his nature," the mother said. "I couldn't get over that they didn't get out and look for him. After all, he was a human being, a child."

When they finally convinced themselves that David had disappeared the Hilligiests spent one thousand dollars for a private detective agency to investigate. The agency came up with a few clues but nothing substantial. They couldn't very well for David had long since been killed. They also advertised in underground newspapers and offered rewards. The distraught parents even consulted mediums and clairvoyants.

"You fear for the worst and hope for the best,"

Dorothy Hilligiest said. When David disappeared he was believed to have gone swimming with Gregory Winkle, the sixteen year old son of Selma Winkle, a widow, who lived a block away from the Hilligiests, two blocks from the Henley house.

She once worked in a candy factory and remembered when Dean Corll was the foreman there. "A likable person," she said, a "gentleman." When Wayne Henley was a small boy he was often brought to the Winkle home by his grandmother, to play with the other boys.

"It showed that the family cared who he played with," said Mrs. Winkle. "They cared how he grew up. But something along the line went wrong."

It is difficult to measure bitterness. Some of the Heights parents bravely concealed it; others turned their sorrow into fury. Everett Waldrop, for instance, a construction worker, quit the city and moved to Atlanta after giving up hope in the disappearance of his two sons, Donald, fifteen and Jerry, thirteen. Their brutally assaulted bodies, badly decomposed, were among the first dug up from the lime pits of the boatshed. Waldrop recognized a belt buckle and shirt as belonging to his youngsters.

The Waldrop brothers dropped out of sight in January, 1971, when they said they were going to visit a friend only six blocks away from their home.

Said Waldrop, "I went to the police the next morning. I camped on that police department door for eight months. I was there as much as the chief was.

"But all they did was say, 'Why are you down here? You know your boys are runaways.' They treated me like I was some sort of idiot."

The captain in charge could not recall ever having talked to Waldrop.

When Houston's television began to crowd the screen with running accounts of the search for graves and corpses, Mrs. Walter Scott could stand it no longer. She turned off the set and refused to answer the telephone. "We feared the worst, so what was the use?" she said, her voice trailing away to nothing.

Her son, Mark, eighteen, had left home for a weekend trip to Mexico after being arrested for carrying a prohibited knife. He sent his parents a postcard from Austin. "How are you doing?" it read. "I am in Austin for a couple of days. I found a good job. I am making \$3.00 an hour. I'll be home when I get enough money to pay my lawyer."

Like so many of the parents, Mrs. Scott remembered both Henley and Brooks. "Wayne came over for a junior high school party. He was quite talkative. He was the first to arrive and the last to leave."

Brooks, she recalled, had once stayed overnight with Mark. During that visit Brooks evidently shot Mark with a BB gun.

In his confession Brooks told how the youth stood up to Corll and tried to get him with a knife. He ended up being strangled but his body was never identified.

There was a quarrel in the Cobble home in the later part of July, 1973. Charles, seventeen, the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Cobble, left home to share a furnished room with a friend, Marty Ray Jones, also seventeen. At first the Cobbles were not particularly concerned because they knew where he was and were



acquainted with young Jones' parents. On July 26 the sons called both parents, saying they were in trouble and needed a thousand dollars. Jones told the police he feared the boys were involved with narcotics pushers. Neither was ever seen again. Their strangled bodies were found in the boatshed.

Mrs. Joe R. Aguirre said her son, Frank, nineteen, disappeared in March, 1972, never returning after he left for work at a nearby restaurant. She said at the time of Frank's disappearance he had been dating Rhonda Williams, the girl at the Corll house on the night of the murder.

When the body of Billy Lawrence was found at Lake Rayburn his father, Horace J. Lawrence, recalled his doubts and suspicions of Wayne Henley. He remembered that Wayne had called his boy several times and had been at the house. Then there was a robbery. "Whoever did it," said the senior Lawrence, "knew the layout. They got the stereo I had given my son for his birthday. They got cameras and film."

Lawrence heard about his son's body being discovered when a friend called to say that he had read it in the newspapers. The authorities had not bothered to contact him personally. Said Lawrence, "If some of these kids would realize what was going on in that jungle they would wake up and face the facts of life and face reality."

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Baulch waited anxiously for words that their sons' bodies had been identified. When it came there was relief. At long last the terror was over. They could cry now, spill over their emotions. For so long they had sought to sustain their hopes that their boys were alive.

Their boys, Billy Gene, Jr. eighteen, and Michael Anthony, sixteen, were acquainted with Dean Corll.

They had gone to school with David Brooks and Wayne Henley.

They lived in the Heights.

And they were both runaways.

Michael was the veteran runaway, having left home about three times. Billy sold candy door-to-door in the Heights neighborhood for Corll.

Billy Gene disappeared first in May, 1972. One of the people his parents contacted to keep an eye out for him was Dean Corll. They also asked Wayne Henley to be alert for any information or clues that might lead to the discovery of their boy's whereabouts. Both Corll and Henley appeared to share the Baulch's grief and promised to do whatever they could.

Then six months later, just when they had resigned themselves to the inevitable, Michael disappeared. They found his body in the boatshed, shot twice in the head.

In death the body of Dean Corll was given a respect he accorded none of his more than two score victims. A Methodist minister said at the graveside service of his flag-draped coffin was lowered into the ground, "We must now deliver this man into God's judgement and also his mercy and grace."

A naturalized Frenchman, visiting the cemetery at the time, shook his head in bewilderment. He could understand the funeral, yes, but not the flag. Corll had served a year in the Air Force and was thus entitled to military ceremonies.

Then there was a letter in the newspapers from Dean Corll's mother addressed to the accused boys.

It read in part: "My heart is heavy with sorrow not only for the loss of my son, but also for the loss of all the boys and people whose lives they touched."

"To David and Wayne, you may have the best defense lawyers the world can offer but your best defense is God. You can lie, plan and plant evidence and shift the blame to one who can not defend himself, but you surely know that your days are numbered, whether it is behind bars or walking the street. We are not concerned with your bodies, but we are concerned with your souls. 'And the truth will set you free.'

"If you know where to find the bodies of these children you also have the list of names. Please set the anxious parents' hearts at ease and see how much better you feel."

Eventually some response had to be made to the charges that the Houston police were indifferent to parents reporting missing children and to the accusation that no investigator had sought to uncover a pattern to the juvenile disappearances.

Police Chief Herman Short summoned the press and took off, slapping down both parents and the media. He said that his department had done everything it could—and more than was legally required—in tracking down the missing juveniles.

Short blames lax parental guidance, inadequate laws and the news media for the criticism of his department. Referring to the Heights, Short said, "The area that most of these persons came from is not one of the highest crime incident areas at all. We could have no way of seeing in a period of time of

three years or more anything to indicate a pattern."

Short pointed out that under Texas law running away is not a crime and, "We don't have responsibility by law nor the authority to make criminal cases out of runaways. We do everything we can in this particular type of situation. What we have here is simply a public service.

"Unfortunately, many times parents will not even tell us the truth about these things. They know why the runaways have left but they won't tell us this information."

Short, taking shots at parents, said, "We do know that some of the parents are not exactly discharging their own responsibility as far as runaways are concerned and as far as raising and disciplining their children."

To charges that not enough effort or police manpower were used to trace the runaways, Short answered, "There will never be enough staff to check out constantly and consistently each and every one of these cases. That doesn't mean that each case doesn't get an investigation."

Another defender of the Houston Police Department was Captain R. K. Horton who pointed out that a city the size of Houston handles five thousand missing juvenile reports annually, and most of these are automatically solved when the runaway returns voluntarily or after the parents hear from him. In the cases involving victims of the Houston Mass Murder each disappearance, he admitted, was touched with a note of mystery. Two boys never returned from a municipal swimming pool; one didn't come back from his job at a restaurant; another two were last seen getting a lift in a light-colored van

and one walked out on his home after an argument with his parents. But there was no substantive reasons to suspect foul play."

Said Horton, "All parents of children who have been gone longer than twenty-four hours will tell you that their boys were victims of violence. The real reasons are varied—sometimes arguments inside the family.

"It is extremely difficult for some young people to adjust to today's society. What are they led to believe? Leading a decent, honorable lawful life can seem dull compared to the 'exciting' life of those violating the law."

Horton explained the procedure in his bureau. Initial investigations are aimed at determining whether the missing person ran away or was possibly abducted. The decision is left up to the individual police officer. "It depends on intuition," he said. "After a while you come up with a typical picture of a disappearance where violence could have been involved."

Illustrating the legal vacuum in which police operate Horton cited the new family code adopted by the Texas legislation and intended as an answer to the national problem of runaways. One section defined a missing child as:

*"The voluntary absence of a child without the consent of his parents for a substantial length of time or without the intent to return."*

Asked Horton, "What is a substantial length of time? What if we find a child who says he plans to return home, say, at Christmas? Does that constitute an intent to return?"

The Houston murders precipitated widespread national interest in the problem of runaway youth.

Newspaper surveys revealed that one million young people ran away from their homes last year. Police records showed that locating them was enormously difficult but there existed a compensating factor in that many voluntarily returned to their home.

But those who don't come back are impossible to find. They wander into Greenwich Village and quickly become lost in the subculture of New York. They drift to the French Quarter of New Orleans or to the Rocky Mountains and the beaches of California or Florida.

The procedure for handling missing juveniles varies from city to city but, in essence, it amounts to filing a report, alerting street patrolmen and, if a picture is available, giving it circulation. It is at this point that police activity ends.

A spokesman for the Denver Police Department explained that literally thousands of juveniles drifted into the mountain city annually and it was easy to get lost in it. He wondered why America was so reluctant to adopt the European idea of requiring each citizen to carry an identity card—from the cradle to the grave. Hotels, rooming houses, pensions, apartments are all obliged by law to supply the nearest police station with the names—and the cards—of guests staying overnight. While not one hundred percent effective the system does achieve a comprehensive check on the population of countries maintaining the identity card requirement.

New York City has been facing the runaway problem for decades, long before it became an "in" thing. New York has the reputation of being the biggest, the most glittering, the most exciting of the country's big cities. Naturally the runaway seeks it

out. Its problems are substantially the same as those of other cities, but of greater magnitude.

"It is easier to find a needle in a haystack," said Patrolman Stephen Donnelly, one of six members of Young Aid Division's special anti-runaway squad.

"Even if you have a picture of a kid and a good idea of where he's staying, it's still very difficult. The picture is probably a few years old and the kid now looks disheveled and completely different."

The special unit concentrates on patrolling areas of New York where runaways most commonly gravitate to—the East and West Village, Times Square, Coney Island, Central Park and the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

"You develop a good idea of what a runaway looks like, a profile," said Donnelly who was involved in the creation of the special unit in 1972. "Instead of looking for a particular kid we look for a type. A kid who is panhandling is a good 'stop,' a good person to check out. Also someone who looks disheveled, a little dirty. Somebody who doesn't know where he's going at three in the morning may be a runaway. Another tip is an out-of-state accent."

The typical runaway who comes to New York is white, middle-class and 14 to 17 years old. They are attracted to the city by its excitement, late hours and the presence of large numbers of teenagers like themselves.

So much for the vital statistics that grew out of the search for information about runaways following the Houston massacre. Said Dr. Charles Lamark, "Runaway youth are a social phenomenon that has always existed. In the depression, for instance, thousands of young adults just left their home and their

families didn't hear from them for years. Today the problems are different, but we still have runaways. They are the products of our times, today's permissive society and the new independence of young people. The revolt against the establishment has significantly eroded the family unit.

"Parents rightly, found fault with the Houston police for doing so little in tracking down the runaways from the Heights. The police, with considerable validity, maintained the parents failed to exert sufficient authority over their children."

"But what stands out in the particular case of the Houston runaways and the character of Dean Corll is that not one of the many people who knew him and talked to the press ever voiced doubts about him. In the thousands of words I read this man turned out to be 'Mr. Nice Guy'—the fellow who was so fond of children, who drove them around in his van (equipped with a sofa in the back) and dished out candy so generously. Only one parent recalled having worried about her son's friendship with the Candy Man and told him to stay away from Corll. Having gone that far, she dismissed the matter from her mind. There were no nagging doubts, no further suspicions that she felt should be looked into.

"There was a time when parents not only knew where their children were but who their friends were. And that was a less dangerous era than the unhappy one in which we find ourselves. I should think that now, of all times, when there exists so much crime and danger around us, that parents would be even more alert than the elders of previous generations. I would rather be called a meddling old fool by my son for wanting to know his whereabouts and his as-



sociations than find his rotted body covered with lime in a shallow grave along the shore of the Gulf of Mexico.

"Here was Dean Corll, a man the families on the Heights saw day after day when he worked there as a delivery man, and who later lived in a variety of apartments while he was employed as an electrician for the Houston Lighting and Power Company. As we will see later in the story of his private life, he was wholly wrapped up in young people, especially teen-age boys. He was unmarried and no one found his excessive preoccupation with male youth suspicious. Either Corll was extremely clever or the people of the Heights incredibly naive."

Corll didn't fool the youngsters, however. When the murders came to light the Heights kids were asked what they knew about Corll. "Dean was an all right guy," said a number of them. "But kinda spooky. He didn't dig chicks. Seemed to hate them. There's got to be something wrong in that."

Thirty years ago, in the Thirties, the world was ravaged by the Great Depression and the United States, no less than the most underprivileged of the African or Asian nations, suffered an economic decline that threw millions of able-bodied men and women out of work, into the breadlines and soup kitchens set up by private charity organizations. With the possible exception of New York State and some minor city and county social programs no avenues of relief existed like the welfare of today. And of course, unemployment insurance and Social Security had not yet been invented.

The worst hit among the population were the young. It was estimated that the Depression threw more than two million boys on the road, dropouts from school, their homes and society, young men who "bummed" their way from town to town, seeking handouts wherever they could find them, from housewives, the owners of small business. They performed farm chores for bread and a bowl of soup. They walked the dusty highways, slept in fields, shipped in freight cars, thumbed rides from motorists. They were Americans coming from nowhere, going nowhere.

Eight years later when the children of the Depression were called to the draft, National Fitness Director John B. Kelly (father of Grace Kelly) found that forty percent of the young men examined were unfit. Most rejections were for bad teeth. Other defects in the order of prevalence were poor eyesight, diseases of the heart and circulation, deformities of arms and legs and mental disorders. To those were added the invisible scars inflicted in hobo jungles by thieves, drug addicts and men like the strapping homosexual remembered by the distinguished commentator Eric Sevareid. He had spent some time on the road, along with the other two million, and told historian William Manchester that a man had offered him a quarter for his cooperation in sodomy.

In the White House there sat Herbert Hoover, the last of the presidents to dress regularly for dinner. The man who, during World War I, had achieved an international reputation as a humanitarian for masterminding the food program in Belgium, and who had saved millions of that tiny country's citizens from starvation, sat down night after night to a

seven course dinner, maintaining that he thus served as an example of confidence in the country's economy.

Hoover remained steadfast in his conviction that feeding the unemployed and the hungry lay outside the providence of national government. This in the face of the enormity of the Depression, the devastation it spread in every strata of society. It was not just a poor man's Depression, not another injustice heaped on minorities. The Depression spilled out of the ghetto into business, factories, banks, vast corporations, Wall Street, the professions and, of course, the arts.

Men who had never touched picks and shovels in their lives battled for city day work—shoveling snow or cleaning the streets and parks. Few were the Americans left untouched by the Depression or unscarred thereafter. Its effects were visible in the generation it bred, uncertain people who fear that whatever security they have achieved will overnight be snatched away. They were cautious, careful liberals tinged with conservatism. Where once they welcomed change, today they fear it.

Their own children are today's parents of the nation's teenagers and much of the previous generation's fears and doubts have rubbed off on them. They are bewildered by the overwhelming changes in today's society but have assumed they are powerless against them—especially those involving young people. The revolt of youth has been complete and total. Their elders realize there can be no turning back. When they face the generation gap clearly and without prejudice they have to conclude that today's youth is vastly more sophisticated, more worldly

than their generation's.

No one, tragically, could have prevented the mass murderers of Houston from running their macabre course—no one but the young victims themselves. For all their worldliness, sophistication and precociousness they simply lacked the wisdom and the experience to realize the consequences of such choices as accepting rides from strangers, and being tempted by free candy and the promise of pot parties.

In rejecting their parents' old-fogey warnings about "strange men" young people are simply taking another position in their crash program of "emancipation."

Consider, for example, the blood-chilling facts arising from a recent inquiry by the New York State Select Committee on Crime which were detailed as follows:

*Some of the juvenile criminals will murder with no more thought or remorse than they would spend on a broken window or jimmied door.*

*Other youngsters are being used as assassins by youth gangs because the juvenile laws are more lenient than those for defendants over sixteen.*

*Youth gangs, which reemerged in 1971, after a decade of inactivity, have a documented 9,000 members and possibly as many as 18,000 members, their basic functions are to commit crimes and build arsenals ranging from automatic weapons to home-fashioned bazookas.*

*Older gang leaders, some trained in killing in Vietnam, are forcing youths to join gangs.*

*The schools have become corridors of crime, while thousands of school-age children roam the streets because of unenforced attendance regulations.*

Obviously the world in which young people circulate is far different from that which existed in the Depression. And the greatest change has come in economics. A "chicken" (a young male procured for perverse sexual use) costs a lot more than a quarter nowadays and no one is more aware of this than the runaway. Both girls and boys either know or learn quickly that the two cash assets they carry with them are their youth and sex inclinations. A young person's body is a passport to high adventure. At least it seems that way at the outset. But a body can also be a one-way ticket to degradation—and a burial plot in the dirt floor of a boathouse.

At the Port of Authority in New York young adventure seekers arrive by the hundreds each month. And as fast as the police can maneuver them back to their homes they do: said Patrolman Al Dunne, "We aren't on the lookout for specific runaways. If we find one, that's everybody's good luck. What we're doing mainly is spotting the teenage girl who has run away from home, usually with only a couple of dollars in her pocket but convinced she can make it in the Big Apple. She's dressed older than she is, has had a couple of years work experience and honestly believes she can market her minimal office skills. Failing that, she can always get work as a waitress.

"But she's the girl who usually ends up hustling in a massage parlor. The pimps are here every day—looking for just such girls. And there's not much we

can do about it unless we get to her first. The pimp isn't too fussy about her looks. His clients pay for youth—horn-rimmed glasses, even acne, prove their maidenhood—or near-maidenhood. Men aren't as fussy as they used to be about virginity. But there is always a premium on youth.

"Our record in getting girls to turn around and go home is pretty good considering the handful of people working the Port Authority building. But we know our way around. The pimps become familiar faces after a while. And even if we lose a girl we're often able to trace her. Once a minor starts working in a massage parlor we have the legal right to raid it."

Male prostitution is something else—a fact of modern life that seldom warrants more than cursory examination by the press. Either people are ignorant of its existence or refuse to acknowledge it. It is one of those distasteful subjects more easily swept under the carpet than discussed.

But the depth to which it has penetrated modern society is considerable and it is much more difficult to deter than female prostitution. New York, as it is for the girls, is the Mecca of the average youth who has discovered some of the inner workings of hustling his ass in his own small town. Like the runaway girl he can easily be spotted by Port Authority police but he is generally swallowed up in the crowd before anyone can get to him.

The hustlers roam Forty-second Street, Broadway and the theatrical neighborhood, taking up positions along the rows of shabby pornographic shops, record stores and hamburger stands that line the sleazy streets, waiting to be approached. Their clients are

the middle-aged, the lonely; some of them, avowed homosexuals; a large number, family men from out-of-town. That they're taking their lives in their hands is ignored in the frenzy of their desires.

Even the most naive of the hustlers quickly knows his way around. After all he's seen *The Midnight Cowboy*—maybe a couple of times. And he knows the places to hang out—how to cruise the grind movies, the hamburger stands, the gay bars, the public lavatories where homosexual contacts are freely made. To help him out, there are all sorts of guide books available produced by the underground press. Then even catalogue the clientele—listing spots catering to leathermen, blue collar workers, business men and others on the prowl for the homosexual pleasures available in New York.

It's a grim, sordid, catch-as-catch-can life and the runaway who expects to become the new *Big Stud* in town is soon beaten down by disillusionment. The penalties are profound. First, he risks an encounter with the law but that can be counted as an occupational hazard. Beyond this, he can be sure that whatever drug habit he's involved with will accelerate in the Big Apple. Once the bloom of youth fades—and that happens quickly in Times Square—he's headed for the dump heap in its various forms, a jail term, life as a junkie, a gutter existence as a wino and panhandler. The odds against him becoming a well kept "boy" on Park Avenue are a million to one—regardless of what he's read in the gay sex novels so freely circulated these days.

But explaining the pitfalls to a young hustler is like talking to a brick wall. There is always tomorrow, the possibility that the right John will show up

and carry him away from the gaudy neon of Times Square and cracking paint of his dingy furnished room. After all, he tells himself, things weren't much better back home.

Said Doctor Charles Lamark, "The male hustler is a tragic figure, much more so than the female prostitute. Her chances of rehabilitation are good if she has the character to take advantages of them. Besides her own will, there are agencies ready to provide help, facilities that are unavailable to the male hustler who is left pretty much on his own. It requires something like a jail sentence before any agency will find him eligible for counselling or a rehabilitation program of a public nature.

"The real danger the young hustler faces is his ignorance of how repeated homosexual contact affects his masculinity. A particular individual who hustles may not really be a homosexual—that's always in doubt. But given the benefit of the doubt and assuming a desire to rehabilitate himself and pursue a life as a heterosexual; he will not find it easy to do so. Protracted homosexual experience frequently produces inability to perform satisfactorily in a heterosexual situation. The youth will discover that he's unable to sustain erection, producing another devastating confrontation which his life style is poorly equipped to handle. The result can be a further breakdown in the young man's moral fibre and his physical resources.

It is from this army of reluctant homosexuals that men like Dean Corll, Wayne Henley and David Brooks emerge."



Dean Corll, to the best knowledge available, lived totally outside the mainstream of Houston's gay life or of the other cities he lived in or visited. Corll was a loner but he was aware of a gay world beyond his own. Wayne Henley remembered that he once mentioned a group in Dallas that would do him some good. David Brooks also recalled that there had been talk around the house of the existence of a call boy ring in Dallas.

Then came the black headlines with their grim stories about the Houston murders. At the height of the furor there came out of Dallas reports of a nationwide homosexual procuring operation. Acting on a tip, police raided an apartment alleged to house the ring, arresting the ring's leader and a number of other males, including two teenagers. In the apartment police discovered catalogued files containing the names and addresses of persons around the country, supposedly clients.

They seized booklets containing photographs and the names of teen-aged and young adult males available through the group which operated under the name, *The Odyssey Foundation*. It also worked out a post office box maintained in San Diego, California. The raiding police described the apartment as a crash pad, a loading zone for young recruits waiting for assignments.

The ring's existence came to light through information supplied by a twenty-four year old gay activist who became panicky when he believed there might have been a link between the Dallas group and the Houston killings.

Odyssey, it was learned, recruited boys from bus stations and other locations frequented by teenagers.

They were called "Fellows" and the homosexuals for which they were procured were referred to as "sponsors."

In becoming a "sponsor," the applicant was invited to fill out forms listing his preferences in boys and how long he wanted the "fellow" in his home. Membership dues amounted to fifteen dollars annually, plus three dollars for the booklet with photographs of the "fellows." When a "sponsor" chose a particular "fellow" he contacted the foundation which put the young man on a plane to the "sponsor's" home. The "sponsor" was responsible for the "fellow's" return air fare, his upkeep and pocket money.

One of the young "fellows" who turned up on the list turned out to be an escapee from a California prison. A couple of youths picked up at the Dallas home of Odyssey were booked on narcotics possession charges.

Before a youth was accepted by Odyssey he supposedly underwent a ten day to three-week orientation period for the program. This, the operator of Odyssey maintained, was intended to weed out undesirables.

As a correlation to the Houston murders, the Dallas call boy story amounted to a one-day sensation and quickly died away. What appeared at first as a national ring of homosexual procurers turned out to be the enterprise of someone's imagination—and hardly a new one. Gangster Lucky Luciano, the godfather of godfathers, seized control of prostitution briefly in New York City. Emboldened by his success he envisioned himself as the master of a chain of whore houses that would stretch across the

country like supermarkets.

It was the mistake of Lucky's charmed criminal life. He ended up sentenced to jail as a common panderer.

Prostitution, whether male or female, is not the kind of profession that lends itself readily to mass marketing. There are indeed flourishing call boy services in the large cities, but they operate on a high and expensive level. Male madams know they could never survive by dealing in street hustlers. Their "fellows" are drawn from the ranks of college students, clerical workers, muscle builders, actors, dancers, artists, responsible young men looking for extra money. The majority are admitted homosexuals themselves and the more desirable ones are able to earn as much as a hundred dollars a night.

Street boys belong to the world of men like Dean Corll and among the most perceptive analyses of Corll was that made by sociologist Laud Humphreys speaking on a panel discussion on homosexuality which was held in Laguna Beach, California, a few weeks after the killings became known.

"... many closet queens, and Corll would be in that type, seem to prefer teenage boys as sexual objects. A number of these men regularly cruise the streets where boys thumb rides each afternoon when school is over. One closet queen from my sample has been arrested for luring boys in their early teens to his home. This establishes, then, in terms of behavior, perhaps the closest between this description and Dean Corll's private personality.

"I note that social isolation is characteristic of the closet queen. Generally it is more severe even than that encountered among the 'trade,' most of whom

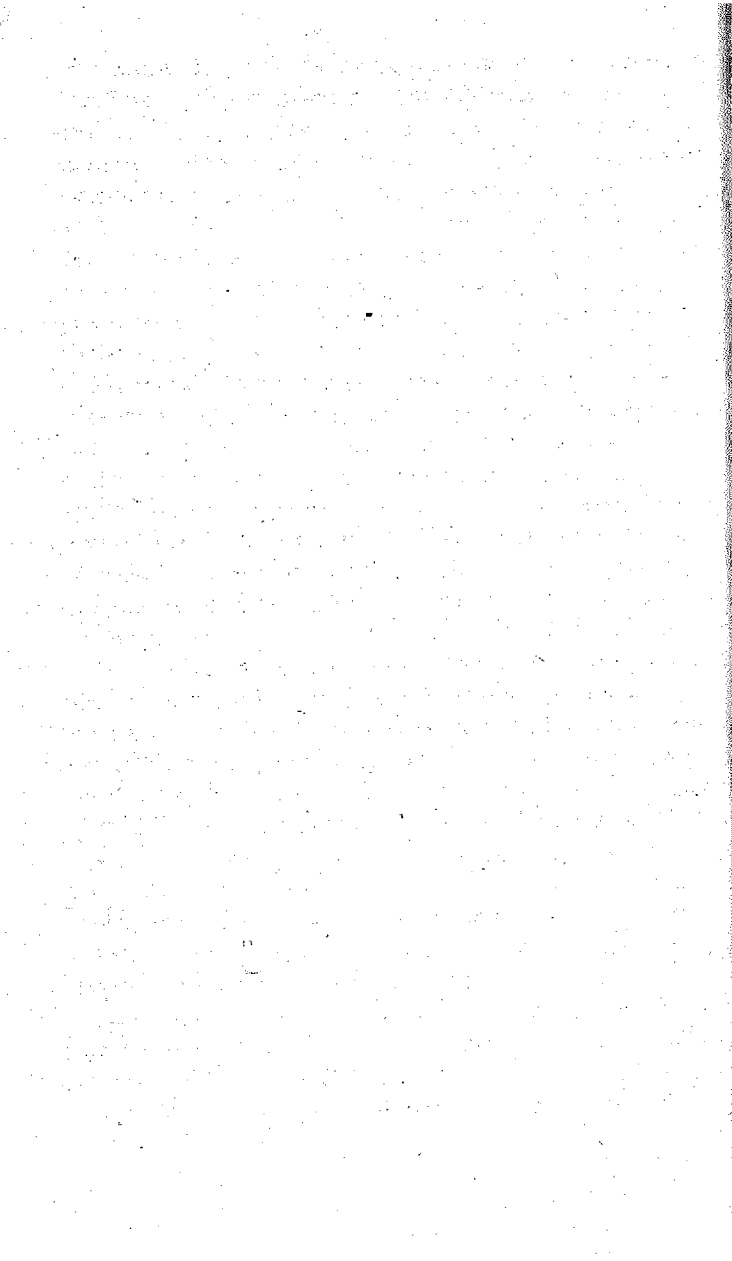
enjoy at least a family life. Although painfully aware of their homosexual orientation, these men find little solace in association with others who share their 'deviant' interests fearing exposure, arrests, stigmatization that might result from participation in the homosexual subculture.

"They are driven to a desperate lone-wolf sort of activity that may prove dangerous to themselves and the rest of society. Although it's tempting to look for psychological explanations for their apparent preference for 'chicken', the sociological ones are evident. They resort to the more dangerous game because of the lack of both the normative restraints and adult markets that prevail in the more overt subculture.

"To them the costs, financial and otherwise, of operating among the streetcorner youth are more acceptable than those of active participation in the gay subculture.

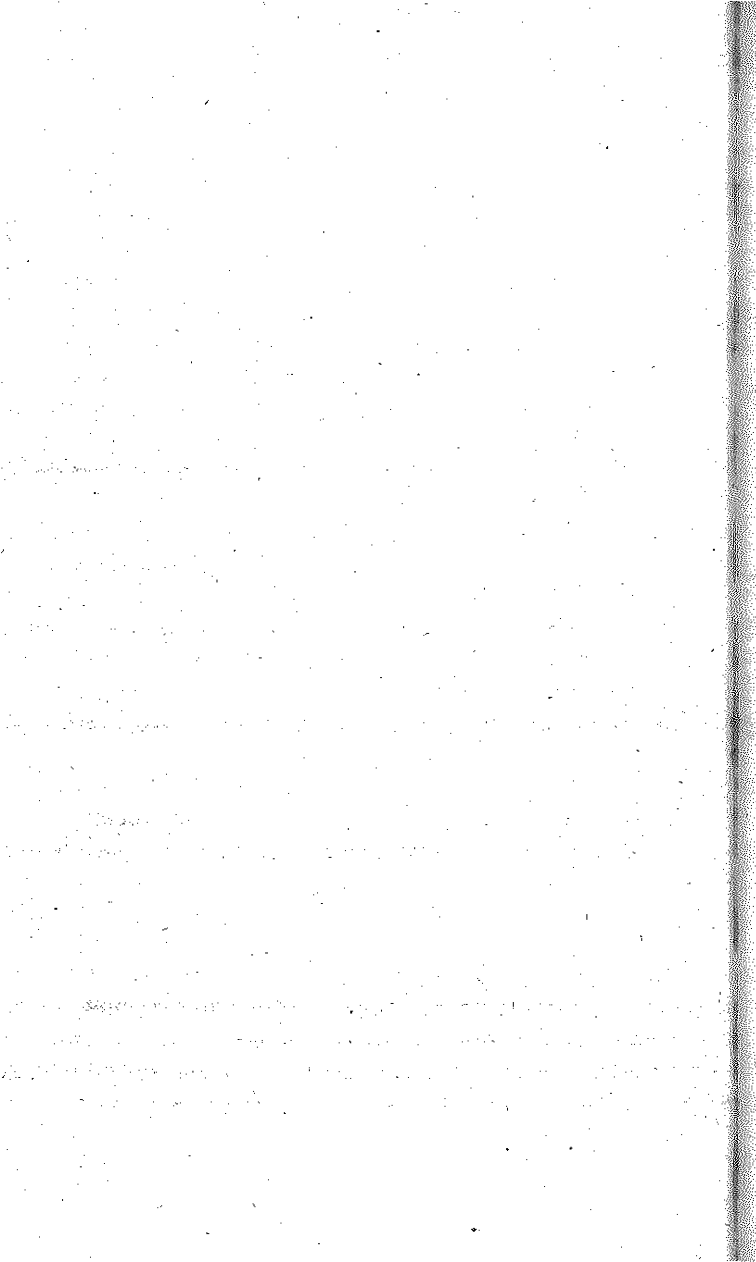
"Raised in the oppressive atmosphere of a small Texas town, fearing any type of behavior that might express his feeling, Dean Corll was driven by fear and by a desire for protection of his job and his reputation. Because of his tortured personality he was driven away from the gay subculture."

"Had he ever been reached by gay liberation there might be thirty more boys in their homes or on the streets of Houston, Texas."



## **PART THREE**

***"Candyman"***



*"For some people murder is apparently an act of aggression that reassures them of their manhood."—Dr. Shervert Frazier, former chairman of psychiatry, Baylor College of Medicine, currently, physician-in-residence, McLean Hospital, Massachusetts.*

How many were the young men whose blood ran cold as they heard of the death of Dean Corll and of the legacy of sadism and killing he left behind? How many of them were there who mumbled, "My God! One of those kids might have been me."

How many young men in Houston, how many hitchhikers wandering through the town recalled that they, too, had once been invited inside Corll's white van? But for the grace of God they were not counted among the twenty-six bodies whose decomposed bodies and bare bones lay wrapped in plastic bags awaiting identification.

There must have been dozens of such boys, now a few months, perhaps a few years older who had escaped death at the hands of the strapping two-hundred pound electrician. They would never know



how close they had been to satisfying Corll's macabre lusts, private passions that had gone out of control as the years slipped by and the pattern of murder became more frequent. They could only wonder why they had failed to accept the invitation of Dean or Wayne to "hop in and have some fun." Had they been saved by their own intuition, the sudden intrusion of a passerby, the steady gaze of a policeman noticing the pick-up? The kind of gaze that would cause Dean Corll to back off?

Years of cruising the streets and highway had sharpened Corll's sixth sense. He knew the type of boy who would be most vulnerable to his blandishments. He could recognize the youth who might resist, the boy strong enough to fight back a sexual advance. And most dangerous of all, someone unafraid to report any incident to the police.

They were the lucky ones, the boys who escaped the shallow graves.

No one will ever know how many youths wandered briefly into Corll's path and then disappeared into the misty pack of boys he couldn't "make." And no one will ever learn their names. For theirs is a lonely secret they probably will never dare to share. For now, it is enough to shake the horrible memory out of their minds and to pray that it never arises to haunt them in their dreams. Young boys, no less than young girls, keep their own counsel about the advances of strangers. Why make a fuss? It has happened before. It will probably happen again.

And who would have believed an accusation against the genial thirty-three year old bachelor they called *The Candy Man*?

Not the simple working people of the Heights in

Houston where he became a well-known and familiar figure, nor those who knew him in his youth in the Texas towns he lived in. Psychiatrists, though, would have wondered at the perfection of Dean Corll's image—the all-American boy who seemingly did nothing wrong, the kid who was so devoted to his mother, so unfailingly polite to everyone, whose manners could never be faulted. They would have wondered about a lot of things—Dean's preoccupation with keeping his appearance youthful, of wanting to act like a kid even when he was past thirty. They would have wanted to know more about a mature man who spent so much of his time with male teenagers, who at thirty-three, was still single.

According to Guy, the youth who had replaced Wayne Henley in Dean's affections, he acted "crazy" for a man his age, doing things like wading in a pond at night, skipping down the streets like a young boy and becoming very emotional at the slightest hint that Guy might be uncomfortable around him.

Said Mary Henley, "He seemed always to be with young boys. I remember once he flared when I asked him about it. The only other time I ever saw him angry was when I made a joke about his age. He didn't like that at all."

After Dean's death there was some reluctance among his friends to discuss him. But eventually his life story emerged and while superficially it appeared quite commonplace all the clues were present to indicate that Corll was a troubled young man sorely in need of counselling.

He was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Christmas Eve, 1934, the son of Arnold and Mary Corll.

Both were twenty-three at the time. Theirs was a stormy marriage and when Dean was six years old they were divorced. Besides the personality differences which Mary Corll claimed had produced the separation there were disagreements about how Dean was being raised.

The father apparently feared that his wife was spoiling the child and was turning him into a "mama's boy"—a prediction which subsequent years proved true. When Corll, Sr. was drafted Mary moved Dean and his younger brother Stanley into a trailer home outside Memphis, near the Air Force base where her husband was stationed. They saw each other frequently and decided to try marriage again. That was when they moved to Houston. It was 1950 and despite their best efforts the second marriage failed to take. The Corlls were divorced again.

The family lived in various Houston homes for three years. It was around this time the doctors discovered Dean had a heart murmur which barred him from participation in school athletics. Still, he was developing into an aggressive youngster who enjoyed taking on the role of leader. If he couldn't play games, he still could hike, and he used to lead the kids into the woods on snake-hunting expeditions.

When Mary married Jim West, a salesman, the boys moved with her and their stepfather to Vidor, eight miles east of Beaumont, Texas near the coast.

Dean entered Vidor High School as a freshman where he turned out to be an average student—poor in English but good at math. But the teachers liked him, especially his manners and appearance. He never gave them trouble. Because he failed English

in his senior year Dean's graduation was postponed until the end of summer school in 1958.

It was while they lived in Vidor that Mary West went into the candy business—making pralines in the kitchen of their home. Dean used to go into the woods and gather the pecans in the Neches River bottoms. He also took care of the deliveries, and played a substantial part in the beginning of a business that would serve the family handily over the years.

Corll got along extremely well at school, played the trombone with the school band. When the murders hit the headlines there were old friends of Dean in Vidor who simply refused to believe that the so-called "homosexual monster" was the same boy they had known in high school. Now grown men, his former classmates, protested that he gave all the appearances of being perfectly normal, that like theirs, his interest lay with girls. He often double-dated at movies and dances. "Girls liked Dean," everyone said, "and there was nothing about him that would lead you to believe otherwise."

Said another friend, "You have to remember what kind of town Vidor was at the time. Terribly strict, completely Baptist. I doubt that if you asked ten people what a 'homosexual' was that three of them would understand what you were talking about.

"I'd say that the only thing odd about Dean was his devotion to his mother. But, hell, that's not uncommon among young boys, especially when they come from broken homes. It's natural to cling to the only parent you've got."

After Dean graduated from High School he continued his dual job with his mother's candy business

—helping her with making up the pralines and delivering them to the drug stores and restaurants where they were sold.

In 1960, when his grandmother became widowed, Dean went to Indiana to stay with her, remaining and working there for about two years. One of the reasons for leaving his mother may have been the fact that there appeared to be little love lost between him and his stepfather, Jim West. The salesman suspected the boy's homosexual tendencies and voiced his worries to Mary. She refused to listen to them. Dean returned to Houston in 1962 at about the same time that the Wests were divorced.

The family moved into the Heights where Mary West set up her shop in the kitchen and sold her merchandise from the lower garage which she had converted into a store. The family business was incorporated with Mary West as president. Dean, vice-president and Stanley, the secretary-treasurer. A half-sister, Joyce, also helped out.

Dean Corll was twenty-four in 1964 when he was drafted into the Army and sent to Fort Polk, Louisiana, for basic training and then to Fort Benning, Georgia to attend radio repair school. The Army next sent him to Fort Hood near Killen in central Texas. But Corll decided to apply for a hardship discharge claiming that he was needed in his family's business. The Army granted this request and Dean left the service on June 11, 1945, just ten months after his induction.

According to the Army, Corll's record was excellent. There were no black marks whatsoever, no indications of homosexuality—nothing. Still there remain some unanswered questions. Whatever hap-

pened to the heart disease that barred Dean from participating in juvenile athletics when he was in grade school? Why was his induction delayed until he was twenty-four? Had he claimed hardship before entering the service?

And, most important, what happened while Dean was in the Army that decided him to apply for a discharge after only ten months? If he was vital to the business at that time, wasn't he just as important a year earlier?

No matter how you look at it, there appears something mysterious about Corll's brief fling in the Army and to one friend, at least, it marked the turning point in his life, "It's my guess that he turned fag then," the young man said. "I saw signs of it when he got out, the way he acted, how he looked at me. He kept wanting to touch me. That wasn't how I'd known him. There was something about him that was unsettling, so I simply stopped seeing him. Then I moved away from Houston and never gave the man a second thought—until there he was with his name and picture all over the newspapers. It was horrible. I didn't know what to think. Then I read about all those young boys. I'd never suspected anything like that in the time I knew him before he went into the Army. Sure, Dean was nice to kids—like everyone else. But he wasn't chasing them around—or anything like that."

Said Dr. Charles Lamark, "If it is true—and there is every reason to lend substance to the belief—that Dean Corll's homosexual tendencies were awakened in the Army, we can make some suppositions about the turn in his character afterward.

"I would suggest that Dean Corll was a virgin

when he started his military service, despite being twenty-four. Whatever sexual contact he had experienced was evidently confined to youthful encounters common to most boys—mutual masturbation and the like.

"If he suspected homosexual tendencies in himself he appeared to have done nothing about them. They didn't seem to worry him. He gave the impression of being a busy, happy-go-lucky fellow, good enough in school to get by and content in his work. Family life satisfied him as shown in his affection for his mother and willingness to go to live with his grandmother at a time that she needed him. On the surface, at least, he appeared to have no problems.

"Things undoubtedly changed once Dean entered the Army. Probably for the first time he saw a clearer picture of himself and realized his sexual inclinations lay with men. Without the subject to answer directly we can only surmise what happened. He could have taken two directions that would account for his eventual behavior. He might have succumbed to his homosexual leanings and hated himself afterward or taken the predatory, aggressive role in a homosexual encounter and been rejected."

"I am inclined to the latter. I rather suspect that Dean finally decided to try himself out in a homosexual experience. I don't think he was worried about the consequences. Or that he feared hating it after its consummation. Far from it, I suspect Dean was getting around to fulfilling a need that had been gnawing at him for a long time. Something he'd been afraid to try at home for fear of the consequences. His mother might find out—or there would be some sort of scandal. Now, thrown into an

all-male society where he could plainly see evidence of homosexual activity by the other soldiers, it was his time to try it out."

"And I have a feeling that he was rejected—totally and rudely by whoever he chose for his initiation. Not because Dean had made an overt proposition but because he performed unsatisfactorily. For any number of reasons. His lack of experience, some inhibition that suddenly showed itself or perhaps a physical lack—such as an infantile penis. Size of the sex organ is important in a homosexual encounter—a large penis being highly prized."

"Corll would not have been the first young man to have his life blighted by his initial encounter. Such an occurrence is not limited to the homosexual. It frequently happens in the heterosexual world: actually, it is found most often in that particular sexual area."

"The old theory that a young man's first encounter is best handled by a know-it-all-lady of easy virtue has long since proved a fallacy. The facts show that more young men have been turned off by sexual relations under the guidance of a professional than have learned the intricacies of sex. It has been shown that the bad taste such encounters leave behind often produces damage, sometimes permanent."

"In psychiatric case histories more than one man has confessed that his first heterosexual experience proved such a disaster that he either chose homosexuality as an outlet or preferred continence. It is not a major problem—not something the individual is incapable of overcoming. The problem lies in its delicacy. Men are not inclined to discuss it, much less



submit it to an expert for treatment."

"When a put-down is part of a homosexual encounter, it can be particularly cruel, especially to someone who had reached Dean Corll's age, suffering the added doubts of being unsure of his sexual identity."

"In the gay world there's nothing polite about a 'one night stand' and someone who turns out to be a 'lousy lay' is just that—a waste of time. And his partner has no second thoughts about letting him know it."

"That, I feel confident, was the pattern that turned Dean Corll away from again seeking sex with his peers. His world was typical of the usual child molester—someone who sought satisfaction from young people because of being incapable of attracting attention at his own age level. Corll wasn't a true pedophile in that he preferred victims in their teens. Still the approach was the same—luring them with candy when they were very young, baiting them with pot and booze when they had graduated to that stage. Corll paid for his sex at an age when the average homosexual would have been horrified by the idea. But that clearly was the only way he could find companions for his purposes."

With Dean out of the Army the candy business was reorganized and moved to new quarters, directly across from an elementary school. Dean became the general manager and rented his first apartment away from home.

Corll installed a play area in the back room of the candy store, putting in a pool room and other de-

vices that were intended to amuse the kids. One of them was a huge green frog whose eyes would light up when the telephone rang. The back room of the candy store became extremely popular and only one mother of record ever worried about her son spending so much time there, accepting the free candy that Dean offered.

What went on in the back room of the candy factory will, of course, never be known, since it is unlikely that any of the boys seduced by Corll in the sixties will come forward to shed psychological light on one of the most notorious mass murderers in history. But authorities believe that hundreds of boys may have been his victims, lured into consenting to oral sodomy; some, just once; others, many times. Because Corll was *The Candy Man* and the temptations were great.

There was another marriage for Dean's mother, but that also failed to take, and in 1968 the Houston candy business was dissolved and Mary went to Colorado, leaving Dean behind.

For the first time in his life he was on his own. Corll kept in touch with his father, Arnold Corll, who had settled in Houston with his second wife. He decided, like his father, to become an electrician and signed up for a training course which led to his employment with the Houston Lighting and Power Company.

David Brooks was a boy Dean had known since the lad was ten. He was fourteen at the time Dean found himself free as a breeze—no longer bound to his mother's apron strings and out from under the burden of working in the family business.

His earnings were no longer tossed into the family

pot and he could spend his money as he chose. Young Brooks became the first to discover that Dean Corll was willing to pay for the special kicks he craved and that, as a meal ticket, he was as substantial as anything around—at least in the Heights where money was usually hard to come by.

Unlike Wayne Henley whose arrest and part in the gruesome murders evoked surprise and shock among the people of the Heights who knew him, there were fewer kind words for David Brooks. Admittedly, people knew less about him than they did about Wayne, but he appears to have given the impression of a not-too-bright, surly youth, inclined to pick fights with kids younger and smaller than himself and not beneath knocking girls around.

Like Dean and Wayne, Brooks was the product of a broken home, born in Beaumont in 1955 and, in his early school years, a good student. But his grades began to falter and he became a drop-out.

After their divorce the senior Brooks moved to Houston while the mother remained in Beaumont. Young David divided his time between them—and this may account for the sharp change in his scholastic achievements and in his personality.

Brooks, fourteen and rootless, found a companionship in Dean Corll that obviously provided a need in his life. He began staying at Dean's house and eventually moved in with him. They became lovers but it was a strange affair that appeared to have begun as a commercial venture. At first, Dean paid David five dollars for sex and then suggested that there was more where that came from—as much as ten dollars for any new boy he brought to the apartment.

So David started bringing his friends and the ghastly drama of torture and murder began as David recounted in his confession.

At first Wayne Henley was only another of the boys David brought along but he stayed to become the third member of the murder ring. Like David Brooks, Wayne was enticed by Dean's promise of money for sexual favors. He had been around a bit and being paid for something he enjoyed plainly didn't bother him. Wayne always needed money.

By the time Wayne came into the picture Corll was well into his murder spree and in looking back and piecing together the bits and pieces of information supplied by Henley and Brooks, police are of the opinion that Dean intended killing him as well. Dean saw qualities in Wayne that were missing in Brooks. Wayne was bright, possessed some elements of charm and was basically gregarious. He would serve as second pimp.

Wayne was conned gently into his role, lured by promises of money that ranged from Dean's normal five and ten dollars fee to two hundred dollars and even a new car. Wayne had dropped out of high school in the ninth grade to help support his mother. He hoped to get into the Army but was rejected because of his lack of education. He eked out a living doing odd jobs, so the money from Dean was especially welcome.

No one suspected a thing about his double life. Wayne successfully gave the impression of being a dutiful son and his own minister, the Rev. Matt Chambers, had only praise for him, "Wayne was just one of the crowd. When he was on the playground or in the fellowship hall with the other kids

he was no different from any other boy."

The Rev. Chambers said that Henley, his mother and brothers were members of the Fulbright Methodist Church, five doors down the street from their home.

The minister explained that Henley took part in the evening recreation programs sponsored by the church and attended services frequently.

He said Henley often talked with him about the pressure he felt as a breadwinner for his mother and brothers.

"You take a boy," said Rev. Chambers, "a sensitive boy, I would say—and he takes on such responsibility at an early age, this would cause an upheaval in a boy's life."

The very normality of their lives gave strength and provided the cover that so effectively masked the sordid activities of this unholy trio. There was Dean Corll, the quiet, self-effacing, eligible bachelor, going about his job as an electrician for the power company just as he'd done everything in his life—meticulously. Then there was Wayne, a bright kid forced by circumstance to fend for himself but who still went to church and took driving lessons, hoping to improve his chances for a job. And David Brooks, what about him? Not a bad boy—not at all. Someone, rather, to be pitied. Without a real home, lacking the ties a young man needed to get his feet firmly on the ground. No wonder he sought out that older man, Dean Corll, for companionship.

The boy had seen his mother, for example, only once in four years, on a visit she made to Houston a month before the murder of Dean Corll. By telephone from her home in Tioga, Louisiana the

mother, now Mrs. Mary Chandler said, "I'm his mother. I love him regardless. It's hard to see the bad in him. That doesn't mean I condone anything he's done. It's a real shock."

Now a nurse, Mrs. Chandler was divorced from Brooks' father in 1961. The son's implication in the murder obviously had seriously dislocated her life. She complained of finding it difficult to work under the pressures imposed by her concern for David and the inquiries made by the press.

When reporters found Mary Henley in her home, waiting nervously for news on the eve of the disclosure of the killings she told them, "I don't understand this man. He ate Easter dinner with us and worked on my car. He loved kids and he would drive over in his white van with a black couch in the back and a dozen kids would pile in the back and he would take them for rides."

"He did a lot of business with that truck," said Eugene Swandler, Corll's next door neighbor on Lamar Drive. "He always backed that van up so the side doors would open to the house. It was always parked that way—even after dark."

"I know it sounds strange never to have a conversation with your neighbor—not even saying hello, but he wouldn't talk to me. But he spoke to my boy."

"Now, when I think of that, it gives me the creeps. He was very careful not to become acquainted with the people around here."

Swandler said he did notice Corll's peculiar hours for coming and going and he said he knew and liked Corll's father.

"Emotionally, he must be devastated," Swandler said.

And so the drama sped its course. David and Wayne picked up the young victims. They would lure them to the several apartments Dean Corll moved into, always careful never to leave a trace of the crimes that had been committed behind their locked doors and curtained window. One landlord recalled that he had found what he believed to be a bullet hole in the wall of an apartment Corll rented. But since he wasn't sure he repaired it and made no issue of the discovery. The victims' mouths were always taped, so there would be no sounds of screams to awaken the neighbors whose friendship Corll systematically avoided.

Sometimes the boys were killed on the very day they were seduced. Then there were boys Dean liked. They were allowed to hang around for several days, but then their captor's will broke down. They had to be killed.

When did it all begin?

No one knows and it is doubtful that even Brooks and Henley can shed light on the first murder that triggered Corll's chain of killings. Both youths have told police that Corll boasted of having killed several youngsters before Wayne and David came into his life. They were inclined to believe him, for there had to be a first. From the killings they were part of, it was clear Corll knew exactly what he was doing.

Police believe that the first murder was born of fear. Corll probably entrapped a youngster in his car, invited him to drop by his apartment for a visit, promising him marijuana or a drink. Then seduced him. They presume the boy was young enough to threaten Corll, to lead him to fear that he might tell his parents of the incident. This was the sort of ex-

posure Dean couldn't risk. So he killed him.

Did he have the boat house then? No, not if the statements of Henley and Brooks have any substance. They maintained the bodies were shipped to California—at least that is what Corll told them. Looking at it in another light, it is conceivable that Corll, fearful of incrimination so close to home, chose to drive his first series of corpses to California for burial there. That is what he might have meant by saying the bodies had “been shipped.” When Corll became involved with Brooks and Henley he was skilled at the murder game. It was dangerous and he knew it. He probably was careful with his words. He may have used “shipped” deliberately—to throw the boys off the track.

At his work a fellow electrician recalled a conversation about killing. Corll, who had not taken an especially vocal role in it, suddenly looked around at his colleagues and said, “The first time you kill it's difficult. After that it gets easier.”

When David and Wayne became his accomplices, the killings weren't always easier. Wayne told that he found it difficult to strangle one victim. Dean came to his aid and helped him. But even his strong arms were not enough. So he shot the boy.

It was all so cool, so calm, so cold-blooded. Murder and sex. Sex and murder. They had become one.

Everything was geared to Dean Corll's macabre life style. He was the evil genius, the master. Wayne and David were his slaves, tied to his will by their involvement in the murders and their hunger for his money which he dribbled out to them in tiny sums. Dean was the most important man in their lives and



he never allowed them to forget it.

They plotted their moves with the skill of chess masters, taking stock of each situation, alerting themselves for special activity during vacation weeks when more kids would be on the streets and highways, roaming around with nothing to do, the perfect fish for Dean Corll's catch.

He liked a certain type, very young, very white, frail, not too muscular. He feared anyone who might give him a fight. Wayne and David were the prototypes of the boys he fancied—but he had wearied of them. Their young bodies had served his purpose once—but that was in the past.

Often they went out "cruising" all together. Sometimes they would pair off. Sometimes Brooks would bring an old friend along. Wayne did the same—just as he had invited Tim Kerley on the night that climaxed with Corll's murder.

They'd drive the van, picking up kids and offering them rides. Once the youngster was in the car there came the suggestion, the offer of beer and grass. Then there were the parties. These were planned affairs and because they included several guests Corll's murder instincts were cautious. They served a useful purpose though—giving him a line on the "chicken" available.

And while they cruised and picked and murdered the sycophants lived in fear of their own lives. Both Wayne and David told police they were certain that one day Corll would turn on them and kill them too. Certainly that was Dean's intention on the night of August 7, 1973. Brooks even insisted that the nearest he came to death was a day when both Corll and Wayne attacked him, knocked him to the floor and

would have strangled him except that he begged his way out of it.

And both boys considered the possibility of escaping from the trap in which they'd been caught—killing Corll themselves. And, at one time, Wayne prayed that Corll would kill him—ending his double life.

Corll's murder pattern showed no signs of abatement; instead it was on the increase. In 1970, there was one victim. There were six in 1972, seven in 1972 and nine in 1973.

But murdering Corll had never worked out as the boys planned. Something went wrong. Usually they became so drugged on paint fumes or marijuana that they forgot what they were doing.

What sort of torture did Corll indulge in?

Evidently neither Brooks or Henley volunteered much information in this area in their statements to the police—perhaps for fear of further incrimination and added charges. At the time the bodies were dug out of the beach and the boatshed there had been rumors of mutilation, of vital organs hacked away and dumped into plastic sacks. Henley sought to minimize the torture aspects by insisting they just "fooled around," intimating that the worst that happened went no further than plucking pubic hairs from the vital regions. He did, however, accuse Corll of excessive violence as he sodomized his victims anally when they were tied to his torture board. This appeared to give the man his greatest satisfaction. Brooks made the same accusation against Henley.

While police were calling Dean Corll a sadistic

killer, a perverted clown, there were those who refused to believe it, his own mother, of course, his father and stepfather as well. The family told Joy Staneffer of *The Houston Post* of their faith that Dean Corll had nothing to do with the slayings. "They've convicted him without any proof," said Mrs. Corll.

The picture they retained of Dean Corll was one of an easygoing, helpful young man, normal in every way. They believed Dean "found out something was wrong" three weeks before he died. Mrs. Corll had been giving him tablets for an upset stomach for about three weeks.

"If he had been doing this for three years," said his father, "why hadn't he been having an upset stomach all this time?"

"He told me he might have to leave town in a hurry," volunteered the dead man's stepmother. "I asked him to tell me why. He told me he was having some kind of trouble."

The Corlls raised a number of interesting questions which they hope will one day be answered.

Why did the authorities call Corll the ring-leader when there was the possibility that Henley and Brooks could have been lying in order to put the blame on Corll?

Have the police relied only on the words of the two youths?

How could the police be sure there were no others involved? Could Dean have been killed because he knew too much? Maybe there was a homosexual ring in Houston, just like that uncovered in Dallas.

Why has no one come up with proof of deviate behavior in Dean's past?

If Henley was bound with tape over the mouth when he came to on the night he killed Dean how could he have "sweet-talked" his way out of being slain, as he claimed?

Finally, if the accounts of the party in the bedroom in Dean's house were true, why was the body found in the hallway near the telephone?

The Corlls believe their son was trying to call for help.

Whatever the firmness of their faith in Dean Corll, his secret life has rudely shaken their public life. Things have quieted down in the year since the murders but, when the search for the bodies was at its height, they were the victims of dozens of anonymous calls. They were plagued by photographers and reporters and time and time again they asked themselves if ever again they would know peace. Or would they forever live in the dark shadows cast by *The Candy Man* who adored children?

The Corlls weren't alone in their belief that Dean was innocent of the killings. Several of his neighbors volunteered their disbelief in his guilt to reporters. Larry Thompson, for instance, described Corll as a "real good guy and a good neighbor." Did Thompson believe that Corll committed the crimes? "Personally, no. I don't. I really don't."

To a man his neighbors on Lamar Drive agreed that he was a nice, quiet conservative, a fellow who wore his hair short, who regularly mowed his lawn, kept to himself and minded his own business.

Then there was "the woman" in Dean's life—a woman who successfully avoided the spotlight by identifying herself only as Betty. She told reporters of their friendship.

Betty, a 30-year old divorcee with two children, knew Dean since she was fifteen. His friendship seemed terribly important to her and, while she was willing to talk about it, she insisted on anonymity because of the children. "They used to call him 'Daddy.'" she said.

According to Betty she had been in all of the apartments Corll occupied and never noticed anything to arouse her suspicions. She said that the children often visited them and were given the run of the place. Dean never interfered.

"If he had those things in there (the torture instruments) why did he let them wander around?"

There was so much she couldn't understand, Dean's devotion to her, the quiet way he did things for her, like slipping her cash when she was broke before pay day. The nights they spent at the movies holding hands. The affectionate way he kissed her good-night.

She was unable to associate all these things with a man the police called a mass murderer.

Betty admitted she knew both Wayne and David—but not at all well. She was inclined to drop in on Dean at his various apartments whenever she felt inclined. She often found the boys there—but never under conditions that would have embarrassed her. "This is what I don't understand," she told *Houston Post* reporter Miriam Kass, "I could have come upon all those things."

"One time he made the statement that 'I've got to

get away from the boys.' " She did not understand what he was driving at, nor did Betty have an explanation for the statement Dean made a few nights before his murder, their last meeting. "I'm driving to Colorado," he said. "Whatever you do, don't tell David I'm leaving."

Betty admitted that she didn't especially care for Wayne Henley and when she was asked about the charges that Dean had masterminded the murders she replied, "I don't believe he killed all those boys. I don't believe he was capable of killing anyone. Of course, I could be prejudiced, since I cared so much about him."

In the last weeks of his life Dean had been in touch with his mother in Colorado. He had told her he was in trouble and in the course of their conversation mentioned smoking marijuana. Mrs. West, vehement in her defense of her son, said, "I told him that taking dope was no way out. I said, 'You'll only carry your problems to the next life. You might as well take care of them here.' "

Corll must have had suicide on his mind for he answered that things might be easier in the next life.

In another telephone call to his mother before his death Mrs. West had the distinct impression that he was dodging someone, but Dean wouldn't say what he was running from. He told his mother that he would see her in Colorado within a few weeks.

Mrs. West insisted she had no idea of what kind of trouble her son might be in, but there was no suggestion that he was involved in anything like homosexual activities.

"He wasn't a homosexual," she insisted. "He was used somehow, by the youths who have accused him

of killing the young boys."

Mrs. West described Dean as "loyal, obedient, helpful, a loving and good normal boy."

But, she added, "He was the kind of person who never wanted to get close enough to anyone so they could get ties on him. He had seen so many broken marriages."

She said her son always looked after his younger brother and half-sister. "He was always so popular with younger kids. His nieces and nephews all loved him because he was so good to them."

Remembering the days of the candy store in the Heights she said, "Kids flocked around him. He'd let them in nights to play penny ante or pool. He was always giving them rides on his motorcycle."

Over at the Heights it was a different story.

While the headlines poured out their stories of the bodies uncovered and the relatives of Dean Corll spoke so nobly of his goodness one mother of four confessed, "I haven't slept for three nights. We were always worried about our little girls. Suddenly we find it was our boys we should have been cautioning all along."

Said another mother, "Before this it was dope moving in. The neighborhood has just gone down. My family is moving out. The kids are afraid, and they've got reason to be, when this kind on thing can happen."

Regardless of what was said by the people of the Heights, the relatives of Dean Corll, the statements of the police, the parents of the victims, the nagging question remained unanswered, "How could such a thing have happened?"

The following appeared on the editorial page of

The fact that so many parents of missing boys have expressed bitterness at what they felt to be a lack of interest and action at the time of the making of first reports is a fact that the Police Department and the whole city must take seriously. The city must provide some recourse to citizens in time of distress and fear. If our police department is so understaffed and overburdened that it cannot look into the matter of a missing child—perhaps a runaway, but perhaps also kidnapped or murdered—then the City Council must enlarge and improve the Police Department and its equipment.

A team should be given time to interview distraught parents to distinguish where possible between a runaway and a child who may be in desperate need of police help. The Police Department should be equipped to plot missing children on a map, to use modern computer programs and communications to seek out not only missing children but those who prey on the young. Some of these fledglings are being pushed from the nest, some leave it prematurely—but some are being seized and borne away.

Said Dr. Shervert Frazier, former chairman of psychiatry at Baylor College of Medicine and now, physician-in-residence at McLean Hospital, "Many people have impulses like those found in Houston. You can see it all in the films being shown in the big



cities now. They are full of sex and torture, often with homosexual aspects and youngsters as victims.

"Obviously the films strike a responsible note in the many people who pay to see them."

Frazier didn't claim that such films cause crime but he did point out that the association between crime and violence goes deep in our culture—even though people may not act it out or consciously recognize it.

"In every Western you see, the hero kills somebody in order to get the heroine," he pointed out. "This guy she's going to bed with is a murderer, but they're walking into the sunset."

"Often sadistic people have themselves been brutalized in childhood, according to Dr. Frazier. I always ask about discipline. Was sexual humiliation part of it? Were you humiliated by being undressed and then spanked? Were you spanked in front of friends?"

"For some people murder is apparently an act of aggression that reassures them of their manhood. A lot of murderers we saw in Texas went immediately after the crime up to Nuevo Laredo and had as many as twenty sexual encounters in the next twenty-four hours."

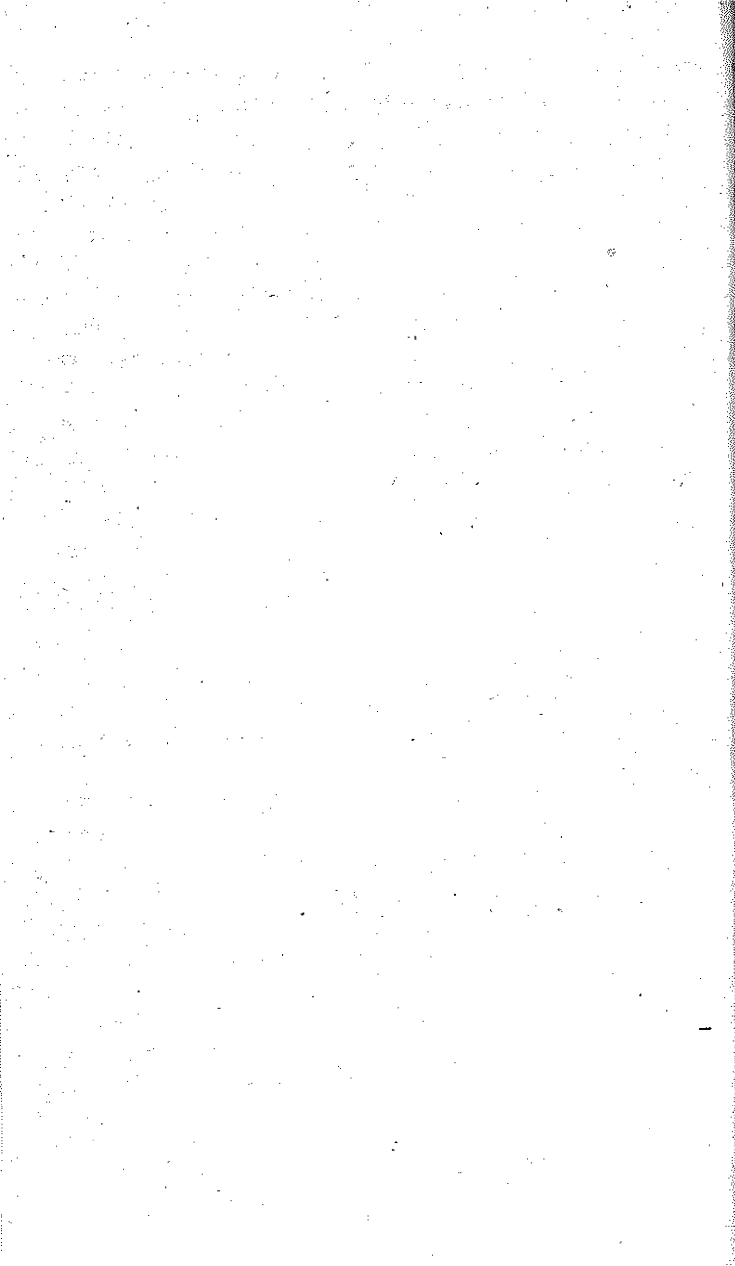
Frazier, it should be noted, has studied mass murderers in Texas, New York, Massachusetts and Canadian prisons and hospitals.

Said Dr. John W. Money, one of the nation's authorities on sexual development: "There are thousands of kids reported missing, according to today's television, and the police just threw up their hands and said they couldn't trace all lost teenagers and runaway teenagers."

"So in a sense, this represents a failure of the social system to be able to cope with a much, much bigger problem in our society and that is—I guess you'd call it—the 'generation gap' although that's saying it a bit too simply. But our society has become too assembly-line. Many young kids can't cope with their families and they have to run away, and then nobody can cope with finding out where they've gone to. That's why his kind of things could go on to the extraordinary extent that it did before anybody found it out and that to me is as important as that there are lust killers.

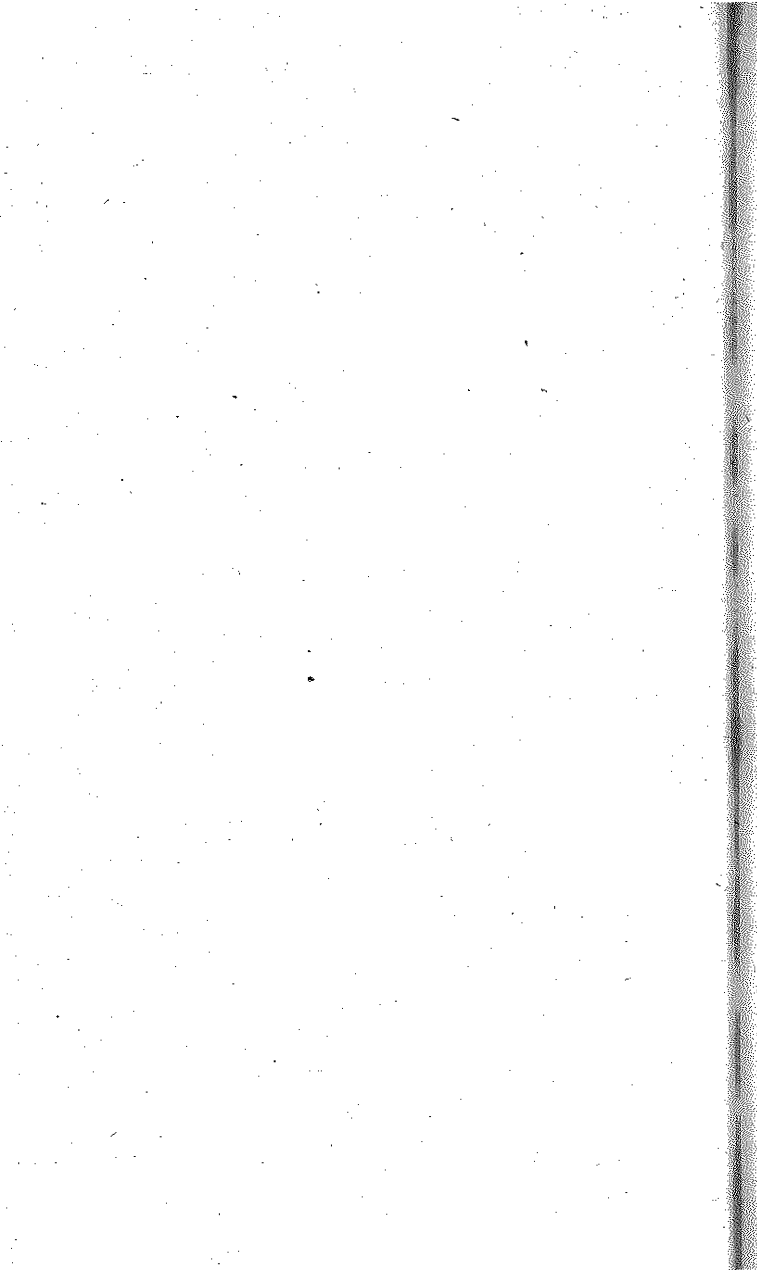
"There have been lust killers since Nero, but there's not been anyone who lived in a social environment in which the society was so organized, or disorganized, that it could let them get away with it.

"If we were living in a society in which people did not get so stigmatized, if they admitted their sexual obsessions, we wouldn't have this sort of thing going on, because people would admit what was wrong with them. Other people would know, and there would be at least some chance to help out before things got as far out of hand as they did this time."



## **PART FOUR**

***Shock In The Gay Community***



"After the initial shock, most Gays have fearfully wondered how badly this Corll horror will damage gay progress. We know how very fragile our post-1950 gains are."—Jim Kepner, writing in the Homophile publication, *The Advocate*.

Once, when the times were less enlightened, a mass killer like Dean Corll and his disciples could have been labelled simply as "monsters" and everyone would have been satisfied; the press, the public, police, religious leaders, head shrinkers as well as other groups with either an immediate or peripheral concern. There would have been no objections.

That era, fortunately, has slipped into the dim but not altogether distant past, and even monsters have the right to be catalogued as psychopaths, and homosexuals have the privilege of protesting the labelling of the Houston mass murders as purely a manifestation of the killers' sexual orientation.

One of the more articulate voices of Gay Liberation belongs to *The Advocate*, a Los Angeles-based publication, which does an extraordinary job of cov-

ering the news of the gay community week after week, wielding a facile pencil in respect to the interests it represents. An editorial called *What Can We Say* summed up the publication's feelings toward the Houston murders. It follows in full:

Only the two extremes in gay life—the deeply closeted closet queen and the 100% “out person” surrounded constantly by Gays at work and at play—may fail to be concerned by the potential disaster that lurks for all Gays in the Houston tragedy. There can be little doubt that we have suffered a public relations catastrophe of major magnitude and that the effects of this may be far reaching.

We need not keep repeating over and over again how sorry we are for the victims in Houston. Of course we are, as are *all* decent people, including ourselves. Our sympathies go, too, to their families, left only with heartrending memories. There is no reason Gays should have to defend themselves over the murders; there is no reason homosexuality itself should be under fire.

And yet we *are* on the defensive. Accusations seem to leap at us from every front page; “Homosexual torture-murder ring,” “homosexual murderer,” “Homosexual sadist” and on and on. What should we say? What can we say? Well, what is there to say but simply that the man was a lunatic? There have always been madmen stalking the earth, and there are X number of madmen with us today, and chances are that a statistical number of them—5 per

cent, 10 per cent, or whatever—are homosexual madmen. We can elaborate on that, for the very dense, but beyond that simple point, there is really nothing else to say.

We can only hope that the intelligent members of the hetero Establishment—those on whom we depend for the slow progress we are making in securing our rights—will see that the Houston massacre is not relevant to our fight for justice and will not follow the ignorant, bigoted segment of the population.

The significance of the *Advocate's* apprehension over the mass media's emphasis on the homosexual aspects of the Houston massacre requires explanation. It would be over-simplification to suggest that another minority—black or Hispanic—be substituted for “homosexual” to achieve a clearer picture of the publication's bitterness, but it does dramatize the nature of the mass indictment.

As the *Advocate* pointed out, in the simplest of language, Dean Corll was a madman, and madmen exist in proportionate numbers in every segment of society. They certainly are not exclusively homosexual; moreover, the history of mass murders reveals that homosexually inspired killings are the exception rather than the rule.

The media carefully avoided this distinction or did it? The newspaperman is a creature of habit and the most charitable viewpoint in this instance is to suspect that he was following the old-time rule of using the most sensational description, the word that rings a bell and sticks with the reader. That there was real police malice behind the over-worked



homosexual implication is to be doubted. Still, that does not change the complexion of the harm done to a minority that is just beginning to flex its muscles in a slow, uphill battle to achieve social and legal civil rights and shudders at the threat of backlash that a horrendous crime like the Corll killings can produce.

And there can be little doubt that a shudder of fear sped through the ranks of gay activists in Texas and the Southwest as the cold, black headlines of the Houston Massacre spun their tale of horror day after day.

Wrote Jim Kepner in *The Advocate*:

After the initial shock most Gays have fearfully wondered how badly this Corll horror will damage gay progress.

We know how very fragile our post-1950 gains are. We've talked to veterans of the pre-Hitler German homophile movement who never got over seeing their prospering clubs and magazines swept away and their membership forced into hiding, exile or Nazi death camps. And we have feared lest our movement be likewise swept aside in a riptide of reaction.

Despite the sudden blossoming of hundreds of U.S. gay publications and groups, where none were visible twenty-five years ago, despite our new access to the media, does there remain what Dorr Legg of ONE, INC., calls 'The Sleeping Beast'—a not so tolerant silent majority which may permit us to strut a bit but will rise up and destroy us if we really provoke it?

Many conservative Gays think this silent

majority will never relinquish its homophobia but will tolerate or ignore us if we are inconspicuous (as we used to be) and perform those social functions which only we can do well. Though half the Archie Bunkers are too lazy to launch overt attacks against the objects of their spleen, and half the rest don't know we exist, the remainder would gladly lynch us, if given leadership and a pretext.

This pessimistic view (seeing us helpless before forces which might eradicate our frail movement at any time) would require us to keep a low profile, convincing our moderate opponents of our harmlessness, while making sure we never give the real enemy pretext to strike us down.

So to those who see any gay assertiveness as the catalyst which might ignite the Sleeping Beast, something like the Corll-Henley murders, combining the worst fears heterosexuals have regarding us, would seem sure omens of our doom. And at this unnerving juncture, even some of us who discount the above view are fearful of a backlash and pogrom.

Having no crystal ball, I don't know how much of a witchhunt will ensue. Some degree of it, such as the Dallas raid, has occurred already. More S & M or boy-trading mailing lists are likely to be checked out. But certain observations can be made from our group experience about the chances that a temporary hysteria might so escalate as to cancel all our recent progress.

Times have changed, even though a lot never

changes. The public today seems less easy to whip into a frenzy than in the years of McCarthy's hunt for 'Communists and perverts.' In those days, every sex murder (they were as frequent as now, and were mostly heterosexual) led to local roundups of homosexuals—neither the police, press, nor general public distinguished between different kinds of perverts. For every little girl molested, press and pulpit screamed, 'known homosexuals' were rounded up, legislators enacted more sex-deviate control laws, and the next 200 Gays arrested often found the court offering them 'castration or 15 years.'

Until about 1957, youths accused of killing older men could generally get off by claiming to have resisted a sex advance; the press would lionize the killer and pronounce the victim a monster. Wayne Henley tried that kind of defense in his first story to the police, but Houston police apparently don't buy that kind of crap anymore.

The reaction of the police to Henley's original claim of "protecting his honor" was the first clue that the backlash which preoccupied writer Jim Kepner might not manifest itself as it frequently has in the past.

Moreover, in answer to the question as to whether the Corll case reflected typical homosexual activity, Houston Police Chief Herman Short replied that he didn't see the typical homosexual—or even the typical child molester—as having anything in common with mass murderer Dean Corll.

"There is a different between homosexual activities and this type of sadistic, vicious behavior," Short said. "Fortunately, everyone who is homosexually inclined is not this sadistic.

"I think we would all agree that this isn't typical of what we are accustomed to, or know about, as homosexual activity. This is a sadistic, animalistic; brutal type of behavior."

Asked if Chief Short saw any tie-in between the Corll case and typical child molesting activities, the police head replied, "I wouldn't be able to say whether there's any tie-in or not. That becomes a psychological and psychiatric evaluation type problem. Any sexual deviation, I suppose, in the case of some people, could lead to all kinds of behavior."

"But so far as a tie-in, to say that everyone that might be guilty of molesting a child would treat one like this, I don't think would be right at all."

However, for all the good sense offered by Chief Short, there was evidence that Jim Kepner's fear of backlash was more than "crying wolf". While news writers covering the Houston killings persisted in peppering paragraph after paragraph with the homosexual implications of the case, editorial comment, especially in Texas, was extraordinarily restrained. There were no mass indictments of homosexuals in general, with the exception of conservative writer and columnist Jeffrey St. John who took to the airways to outline his views in a broadcast of *Spectrum* on the CBS network.

The text of St. John's commentary follows:

"Homosexuality is an activity which does nobody any harm," wrote the psychologist Wil-

helm Reich. "It's not a social crime."

This quack psychology has been brutally challenged in the grisly horrors that have been unfolding in Houston, Texas. So far, more than twenty-five bodies of teenage boys have been uncovered, the victims of torture and sexual abuse allegedly by a 33-year-old homosexual who murdered his prey and buried them in plastic shrouds. Homicide is not the exclusive province of the homosexual. However, the history of mass murders has consistently carried with it overtones and undercurrents of sexual aberration.

The Houston mass murders, however, help illuminate for us a still murky landscape and raise some disturbing questions. For example, is there a causal relationship between the rise in multiple murders and the decline in social restraint seen in increased activity by violent radical groups? We have seen how the acceptance of violence for political ends has lowered ethical values and brought in its wake a corresponding rise in violent crimes. The acceptance of abortion by large segments of the educated elite in America has further cheapened the value of life itself.

In this degenerate nihilist climate, multiple murders like the Los Angeles Manson affair and now Houston are not at all surprising. One cannot regard it as a coincidence that the Houston murders began at the time gay militants took to the street in 1970. What the gay liberation groups want is to legitimize a revolt from male biology and reality itself. For in the

final analysis homosexuality is a profound psychological confusion over sexual identity.

We seem to have forgotten that it was the Nazi SA gangs, many of them sadistic homosexuals, who brought Hitler to power, and he later refined the art of mass murder on a monstrous scale. It is now well documented that one of the many reasons for the rise of Hitler was the decline in social restraint and moral and intellectual values in Germany in the 1920's.

It is significant, moreover, that William Bolitho in his classic on mass murder tells of a homosexual murderer of teenage boys in Germany in 1924, which has a frightening parallel to Houston 1973.

If, therefore, we are horrified by Houston, we should also be horrified by the grisly warning it offers America.

In commenting on the St. John editorial newspaperman Carl King said "St. John offered nothing that American homosexuals have not heard over and over again. It is an old, tired record, replayed whenever a horrendous crime occurs involving minorities. When the Manson killings were in the headlines 'long hairs' was the code word and automatically fearful citizens were warned to look over their shoulders and guard themselves against any approaching stranger who had not been to John Erlichman's barber. We have, in the last decade, been aware of the impact of such code words as 'law and order' for instance.

"What can be learned from the Houston tragedy is

that the energies of the homophile movement have met with response. Whatever backlash against homosexuals grew out of it was minimal and personal. Ministers did not hasten to their pulpits, the police did not swoop down in the Southwest and padlock all the gay bars and St. John judiciously eliminated a key historical fact from his account of Hitler's early power plays."

"Captain Ernst Roehm was the SA chieftain who collected the rag-a-tag group of juvenile delinquents who supported Hitler, among whom there were, indeed, many homosexuals. But once Hitler grabbed power he swooped down to Munich one spring night in 1934, caught them all in the sack, and machine-gunned them to death. He personally attended to the execution of Roehm."

"The anti-homosexual laws in Germany were tightened and exist today—along with those in the United States and Soviet Russia, the only civilized countries where oppressive moral laws have not yet been wiped off the books."

Carl King, a former editor of *Confidential*, now representing the *European Syndicates*, flew to Texas from his London headquarters at the first flash of news about the Houston massacre. He remained there for several weeks and found sparse evidence that homosexuals in general were blamed for the crime—St. James evidently represented a viewpoint that failed to magnify into any discernible proportions.

"Most people I talked to were frightened and worried about their children. The feeling seemed to be that if one monster like Corll could roam the streets freely for so many years despoiling their

youth, there must be others lurking in the shadows. They were dismayed by the roles played by Henley and Brooks and confessed to being unable to understand them. They appeared so typical of the boys one sees 'hanging around' these days—teenagers able to find only occasional work, high school drop-outs, not criminals in the ordinary sense, like muggers and thieves. Their homosexuality was not at issue; rather, the brutality and sadism of their crimes.

"However, the sensitivity of Gays to the potential of harassment is valid as their past history illustrates so dramatically. Homosexuals have systematically been routed out of their homes in the middle of the night to answer line-ups whenever a sex crime occurred involving a child—this, in spite of the known and proved fact that the average homosexual is disinclined to attack juveniles. By far the largest number of child molesters are attracted to little girls but for them it is far easier to become lost in the heterosexual world than it is for the homosexual, some of whom are easily recognizable."

"What the average person fails to understand is that, until very recently, the homosexual lived in what amounted to a virtual police state. Sex acts between males violate the law in most states, between females in some states—even when they are consenting adults. The penalties are enormous—ranging up to ninety years and life imprisonment."

"Until ten or twelve years ago Gays lived furtive, secret lives 'in the closet' as it has been described. When they collected it was largely in gay bars which existed at the pleasure of the police and were, more often than not, managed by the Mob. Most of them



were dirty, dingy places with inflated prices and watered liquor. But it was either that or nothing."

The Mob paid the cops handsomely for protection, but even this failed to eliminate all the dangers. It was common for vice squad officers to entrap customers into what the law described as 'vile, lewd and lascivious conduct.' Morals arrests under such conditions shattered more than a few lives thanks to the permanence of a name on a police blotter."

"When election time came around, the gay bars of any town were fair game. Often they were systematically raided and whole police vans of 'lewd and dangerous' characters were hauled off to the pokey. Hitler's Germany had very little on some of the infamous gay raids or record made in cities like Los Angeles and San Diego."

"Newspapers often participated, aware that there's no surer circulation booster than a 'vice raid' and everyone in the political sector was enriched. The going price for getting Gays out of a vice rap ranged from a thousand to five thousand, depending on what the individual traffic would bear. And it was split percentage-wise among the arresting officers, the lawyer, prosecutor and the judge. There was no magic formula involved. Anyone with the money could arrange a fix, and the nearest patrol car would supply you with the information as casually as he directed you to a highway."

"Some of this corruption has disappeared in the wake of Gay Liberation and the realization of responsible men in the upper echelon of city and state governments that legislating morals is an anachronism in today's society—especially in the face of the vast increase in real crime. And they have discov-

ered the political clout possessed by Gays."

"What has evolved then in a number of America's big cities is a grey legal state that satisfies no one. Police no longer enforce the morals laws. In some cities like New York entrapment has been outlawed on the premises of gay establishments. But it can occur on the streets and other public places. The police still pack wallop and possess the capacity to harass the homosexual for if one law is frowned upon in court, there's always another to take its place."

"Intimidating homosexuals remains a lively game in this country and it is liable to remain exactly that in the foreseeable future, at least until the national conscience is aroused to the point that blanket legislation writes an end to the morals codes of individual communities. The devotee of prurient literature can find no more titillating reading than those masterpieces of puritanism, the old-fashioned vice codes. He might wonder, at the same time, at the mentality of the dirty old men who authored them."

"The reluctance to wipe them off the books by our legislators has nothing to do with their zeal to protect public morality. They are out to fatten their own pocketbooks. There's money in vice as every politician knows, from the cop on the beat to the reformer who occupies the mayor's office or the Governor's Mansion."

"No one has ever counted a typical year's take of bribes to all the parties involved produced by maintaining the old 'closet' atmosphere in which Gays are forced to live. It must have amounted to millions in big towns like New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Buck-a-bottle beer paid off crooked police and Mafia bar owners. Blackmail payments enriched

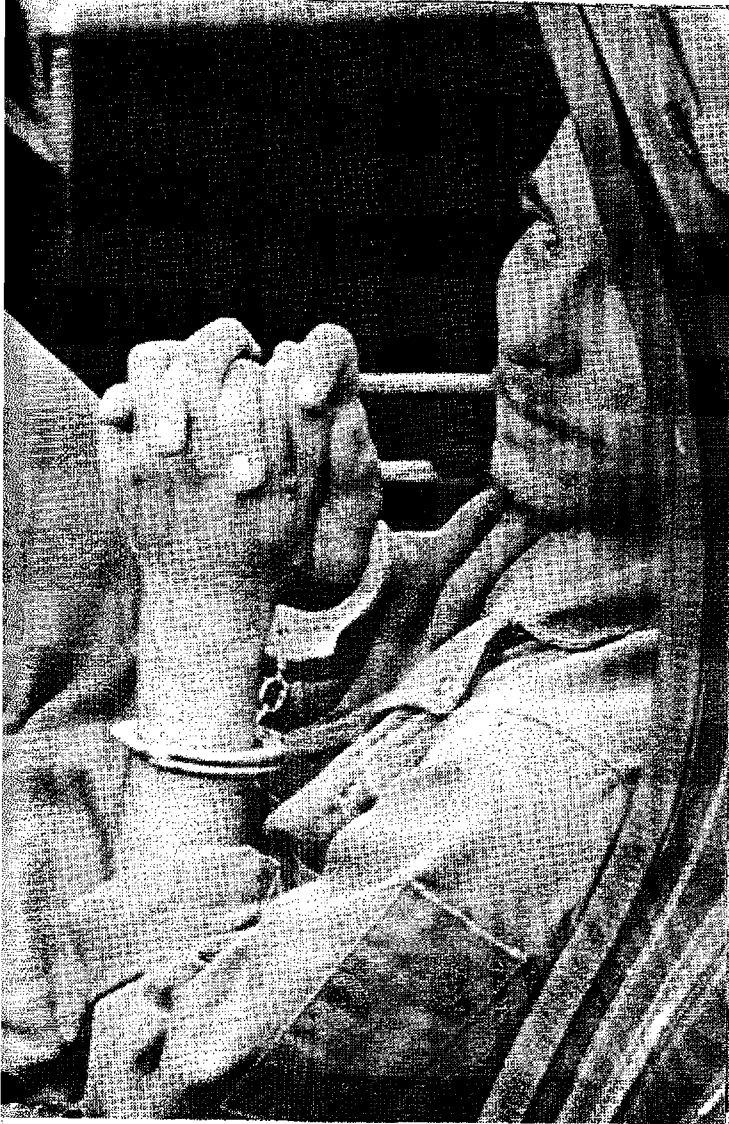
vice squad trappers. Trumped-up criminal charges fattened the wallets of the legal profession, bail bondsmen and judges.

"No one wants to see that gravy train derailed, but eventually it is going to happen. The public isn't as easily fooled as it used to be. It is beginning to wonder at the validity of all that protection of our morals. It is questioning police raids on gambling dens, bookies, call girls, gay bars and the like when cops can't catch a rapist or protect the streets from muggers."

"Gay activists appear to fear most that so-called silent majority of America, but it's my guess that one day they're going to find the bulk of their support coming from that area. I think I'd offer the Houston case as an example, the legal-mindedness of the police, the absence of blood and thunder editorials, the statement of police Chief Herman Short and the indifference to the 'call-to-arms' by Mr. St. John."

"Sexual morality isn't the big thing it used to be and for that we can thank the younger generation. Middle America has had to accept change—or lose their kids completely. And once they take off their dark glasses they discover that there's much more to worry about in their troubled globe than how someone goes about the pleasures of making love."

John C. is a detective who has worked on the police force of a larger Eastern city for a number of years where he has guarded his homosexual privacy with remarkable ease. "I simply never thought about it," said John. "That was the attitude I as-



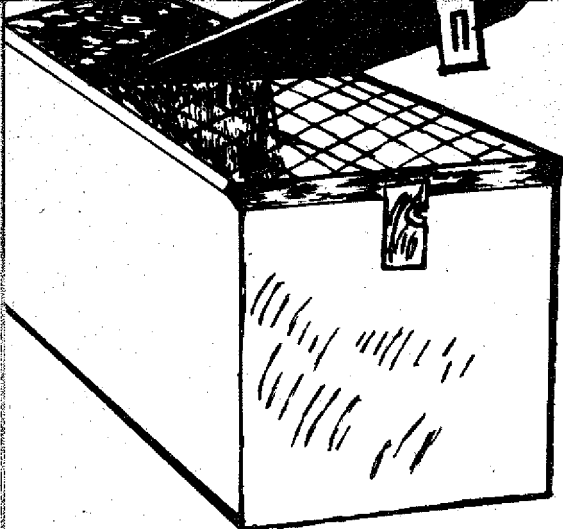
Wayne Henley, seventeen at the time, sits in a police cruiser after telling police that he had killed his friend, thirty-three year old Dean Corll after a pot and orgy party at Corll's home.



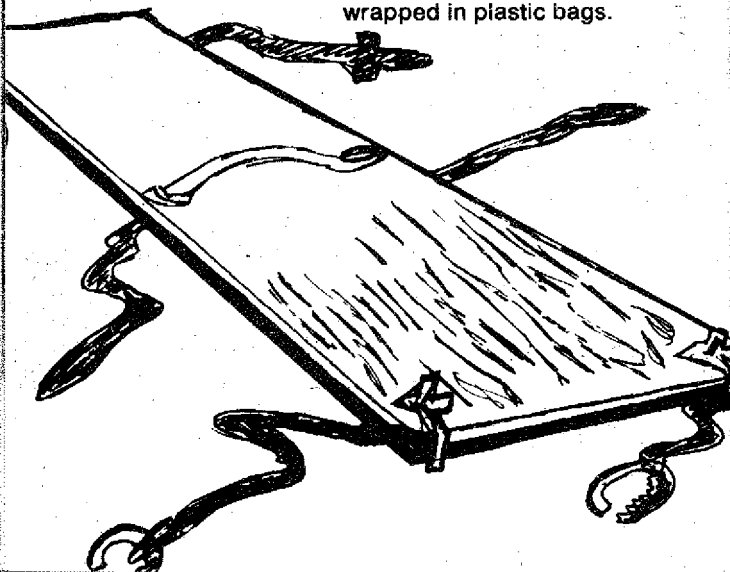
**One of the few photos available of the "Candy Man" who master-minded the worst mass murder in American history. All his victims were young boys, brutally killed after being sexually assaulted.**



Classmates at Vidor High School in Texas recall Dean Corli as a "nice guy." He played the trombone with the school band and gave no hint of the sadistic pervert who became a mass killer.



Wooden box, above, and torture board, below, were found in Dean Corll's house. Police said box was used to carry his victims to various places around Houston where they buried in shallow graves, their corpses wrapped in plastic bags.



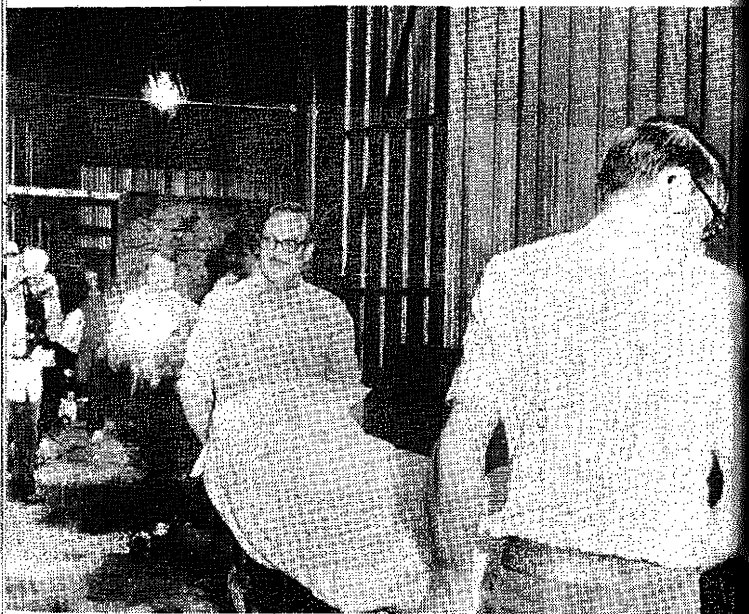


The mass murders uncovered in Houston wrote macabre headlines around the world. At left, the accused, Wayne Henley and David Brooks, watch with little visible emotion as police dig for bodies.





Parents of David Helligeist hold a handbill they circulated in vain after their boy disappeared. The Helligeists were critical of police action.



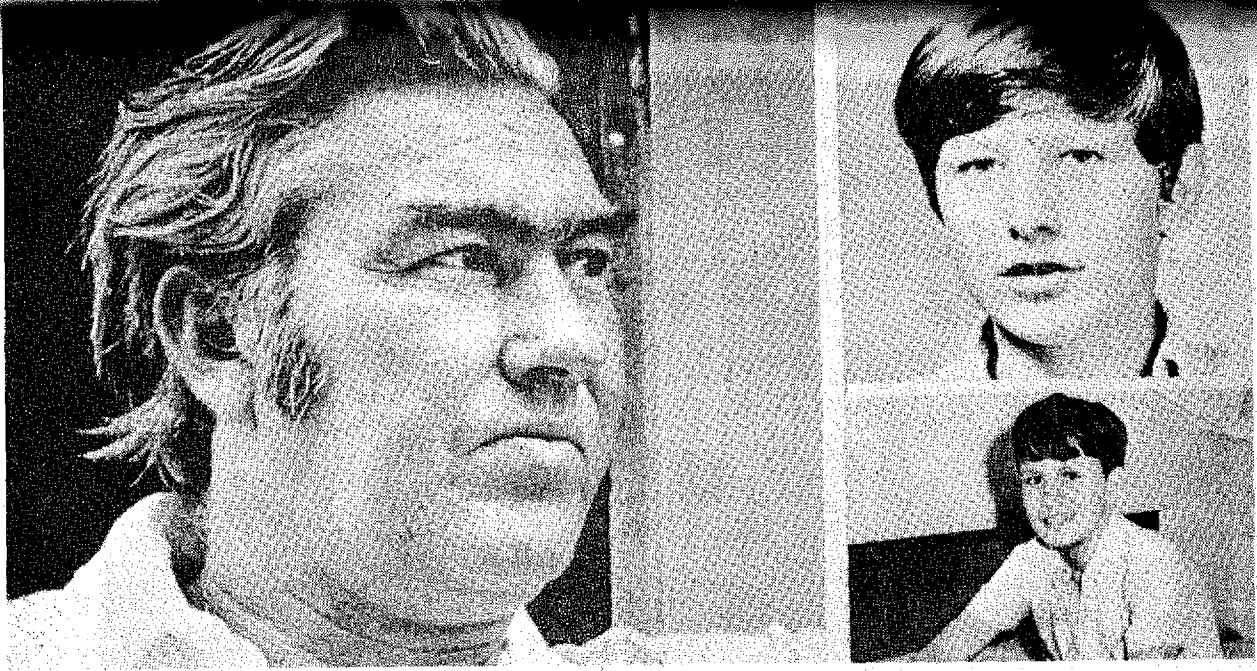
One of eight bodies found there is carried out of boat house where Dean Corll and Wayne Henley had buried victims. The pitiful remains had been disintegrated by lime.



**A Houston police detective continues digging after removing the head of a young boy and placing it in a wheel barrow. The head belonged to the tenth victim found in boat yard.**



Mrs. Selma Winkle was one of the grieving mothers whose son disappeared during the period of the Dean Corll-Wayne Henley murder rampage. Youth's body was not among the identified.



Everett Walrdop quit Houston after disappearance of his two young sons, Ronald Wayne, below and Jerry Lynn, top. The distraught father complained the police treated him "like some sort of idiot."



**Mary Henley, the mother of Wayne, remained steadfast in her loyalty to her son, visiting him when authorities permitted and writing the lean youth virtually every day she could.**



**This is Dean Corll's bedroom. The mask on the bed was used by the sadistic killer for kicks. The mask, stuffed with poppers, provided stimulation over the hours Corll indulged his fantasies.**

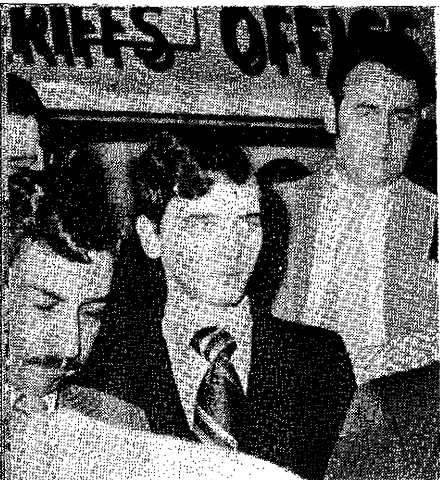


Edwin Pegelow and Will Gray were Wayne Henley's court-appointed lawyers. Gray has appealed verdict which sentenced the youth to long prison terms on each of several murder counts.



Detective David Mullican shocked courtroom spectators with his graphic testimony relating to the torture instruments and the uses to which they were put by Corli and Henley.





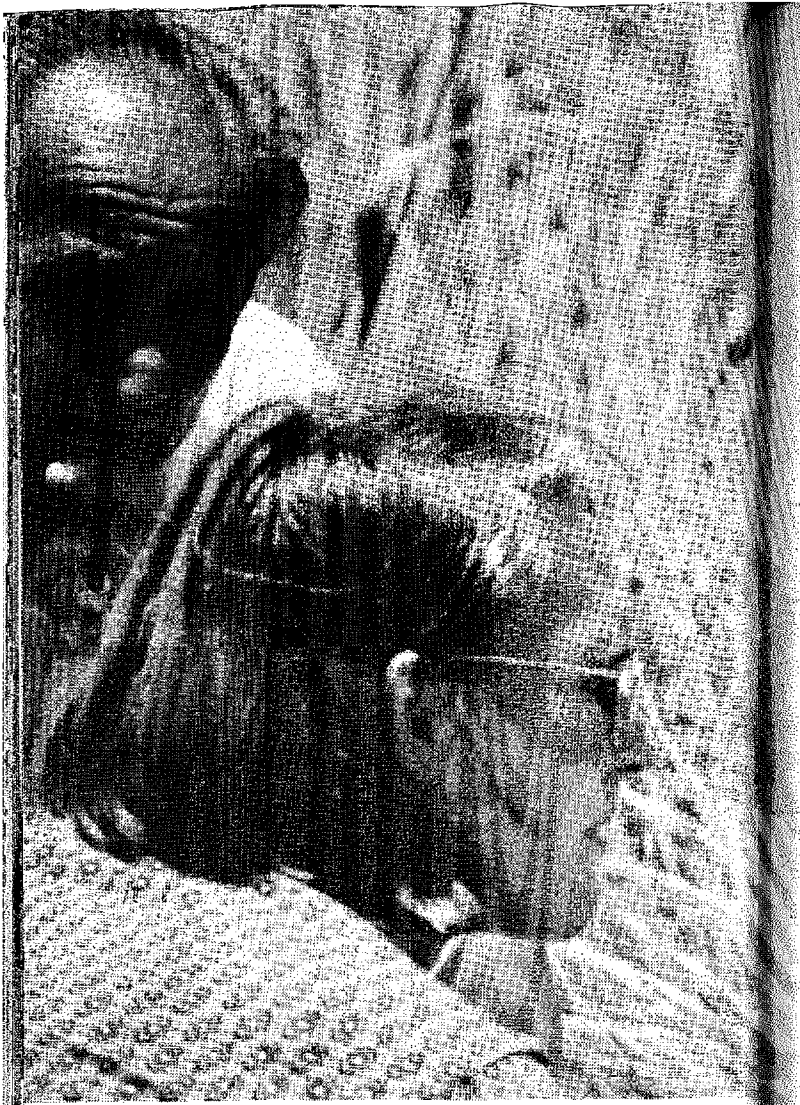
Wayne Henley, being led out of the courtroom in San Antonio after hearing jury pronounce him "guilty as charged."



Houston Police Chief Herman Short talks to newsmen about the problems his department faces in meeting the ever-increasing problem of runaways. It is national in scope.



Throughout his preliminary hearings and trials, Wayne Henley appeared unmoved and indifferent to the proceedings—acting as though he were at a loss to understand why he was there.



David Brooks became Dean Corll's lover when he was only thirteen. The youth's father brought him to the police station after Henley's arrest to confess his role in mass murders.

sumed at the very beginning, and it's worked out extremely well. My homosexuality and my work are totally unrelated and I figured the burden of proving otherwise lay with those great minds at the top who consider a man's private life to be their business.

"They would probably be surprised if they knew how many homosexuals already exist in virtually every large police department in the country. Or do they really know? I suspect that they have a pretty clear idea and wisely close their eyes to it because of their awareness that some of the best men they have are gays. Most of their public posturing amounts to just that—cries of outrage whenever the press gets around to suggesting that the police are being infiltrated by 'long hairs,' 'homos,' 'radicals' and 'rebellious minorities.'

"When the New York firemen took to the streets recently to protest passage of a law guaranteeing equal civil service employment rights to admitted homosexuals, they appeared ludicrous, trying to mouth specious arguments that morality at the station house would be offended by the presence of 'perverts' and 'queers' in the cots next to them. On one level, they seemed to give the impression that their personal attractiveness would overwhelm gay colleagues to the point of rape; on another, they displayed woeful fears concerning their own masculinity. It would seem logical that any grown man at his physical fitness peak, as a fireman is supposed to be, ought to be able to handle a 'pass' regardless of where it originated.

"What is regrettable about Gays vs. the Police is that a valuable source of manpower is being lost, even among the Gays already serving in the depart-

ment. Sex murders haunt the gay community and in an ever increasingly violent world they are becoming more frequent, and at the same time, more violent and sadistic. The papers are filled with stories of murders and assaults made by so-called gay-haters, warped young hustlers, who hang out in places like Greenwich Village where they pick up older men who foolishly invite them to their homes. Once sex is consummated their young friend turns into a monstrous fiend, usually, according to psychiatrists out of his own shame, and becomes a murderer.

"Now, I don't maintain that a gay detective is the only fellow who could solve a murder of that sort, but he would certainly be better equipped to pick up a trail than the cop who knows nothing of the life style of the victim.

"Take a case like the Houston murders, for example. As soon as I read that the Heights was known in Houston's gay circles as *Homo Heights* I could imagine the kind of police surveillance it might enjoy if gay cops were allowed to operate within the range of their own world.

"Hindsight is better than foresight, but a gay cop patrolling the Heights would have developed an insight into the way the young gays operated there. He would know the street kids, have knowledge of the hustlers, be able to watch the dangerous ones. And, at the same time, protect the kids from someone like Dean Corll.

"There was nothing mysterious about Dean Corll. Any gay cop would automatically have had second thoughts about a thirty-three-year old man who dressed like a kid, dished out candy to kids and carried a sofa around in the back of a delivery

wagon. That's definitely not normal behavior, especially when the youngsters he shows a decided preference for happen to be teenage boys. A cop should look into something like that, and a gay detective would know exactly where to look.

"He'd talk to some of the kids around *Homo Heights*—and from the newspaper reports they already had a line on the score. Hadn't they told reporters that Corll avoided contact with chicks?

"The whole pattern of Corll's thirty years shows a deeply disturbed, confused young man. He was a mother's boy, too good to be true. That began it all. There were no signs of normal rebellion against the restrictive small town society he lived in. Corll early mastered the trick of conforming, and that just doesn't jibe with young people's behavior today. There had to be signs of revolt somewhere. All that repression was bound to explode—and when it happened, we know the horrible results.

"From the gay investigator's viewpoint, everything was suspicious about Corll. That he talked his way out of the Air Force after ten months. The number of times he moved, the fact that he lived in apartments and then chose to accept the care of a house, his father's. Bachelors who grow accustomed to the comparative freedom of apartment house living don't usually switch to houses—with all the added burdens of lawn-mowing, maintenance and the like.

"There had to be deeper reasons and, of course, they became clear on the morning the police picked up Wayne Henley for murdering Dean. These reasons were his need for secrecy and his growing realization that his impulses to kill were growing

stronger, more impossible to control. He was near the end of his rope.

"The house served two functions. It produced the added privacy he needed for his sexual outrages. On the other hand, it gave him extra responsibility, more work to do, something he believed would take his mind away from his obsessions. The building belonged to his father. That placed another responsibility on him. Dean probably hoped against hope that this sort of activity might help him—enable him to blot out the horrors of the past and spare him those of the future.

"This sort of information wouldn't have been especially difficult to uncover and, in the hands of someone who understood its significance, a way could have been found to detain Dean Corll long enough for the psychiatrists to have had a crack at him.

"They might have discovered what the gay writers sensed immediately as they covered the case for gay publications, that Dean Corll was a 'closet queen,'—a man so terrified of revealing his homosexual proclivities that he even shunned the company of Gays. It is commonplace for this type of personality to seek out sexual contacts with the young and to pay for his pleasures, since, under these conditions, there is less risk of the rejection he fears as much as exposure.

"Society is filled with 'closet queens' and to active Gays they're anathema. To themselves they are lonely and bewildered. To their relatives and friends they're a puzzle—tragic creatures who lead solitary lives which often lead to tragedy. Scratch the surface of a matricide and you'll often find a 'closet queen.' They're also suicidal.

"The dark corners of men's minds are so mysterious that even when we shed a beam of light inside we quickly turn it off because of ancient prejudices. Take the Danish experiment with pornography, for instance. They legalized it and the most immediate and obvious result was a reduction in the number of sex crimes. Reading sex books and looking at pictures of the sex act evidently provided would-be rapists with some means of gratification that satisfied them.

"Gay Activists may seem far out—even to many of their gay brothers, but so what? They're reaching for freedom for themselves, the rights other people take for granted, like the simple act of congregating in a bar without paying tribute to the Mafia or risking entrapment by the police. At the same time they're talking to the 'closet queen'—twisted men like Dean Corll, young, confused misfits like Wayne Henley and David Brooks."

From the same issue of *The Advocate* which covered the Corll-Henley case so comprehensively, there emerged another point of view, articulated in a letter from a reader:

From Christopher Street until now, open Gays have been preaching tolerance of everything and philosophizing sex to the point of absurdity. The Gay media has wrapped some very good editorializing and news coverage with a thick layer of sexual exploitation.

I leave it to your conclusion what kind of image has been created when your pages are filled with solicitations from sadists, masochists etc. Open Gays seem oblivious to the



fact that they have alienated the great majority of Gay people not engaged in activities or dialogues which insult Gays and non-Gays alike. Most of us are whole human beings, not the sex-crazed caricatures proclaimed by some.

The time of decision is here. Mature, practical rethinking is imperative. Professional help should be given those in Gay society who are mentally ill; but stop acting as if it didn't exist or that any action by a Gay is to be condoned.

Organizations professing serious goals, such as civil rights, should abandon the idea of creating a so-called alternative to the bars. In actuality, what has been done is that the atmosphere of a bar has been transferred to the movement. This kind of institutionalized cocktail party attracts mostly swingers looking for action, instead of serious, dedicated people. It is out of place to try and compete with bars of entertainment by a group professing to be oppressed. The bar habitué is not the majority of Gays, nor do they express a majority opinion—hard to admit by some open Gays.

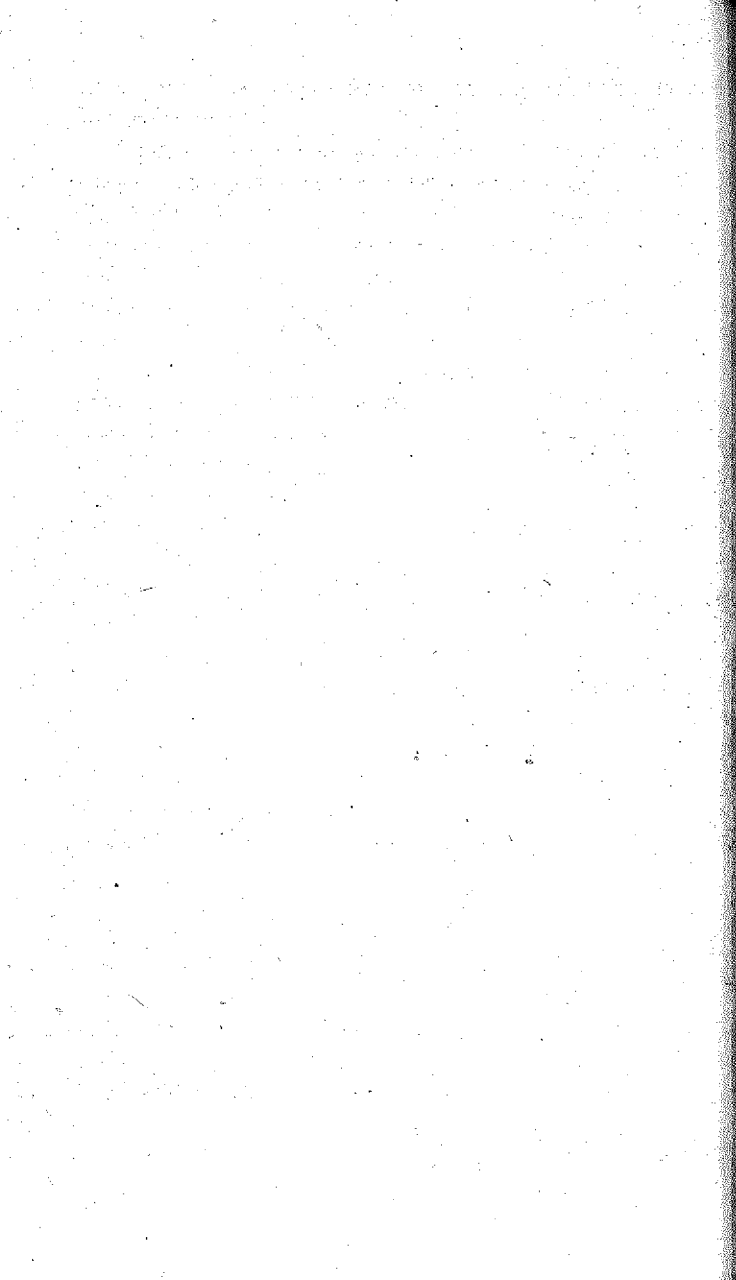
Put an immediate end to the blanket approval of all forms of sexual behavior. The impression is strong that the movement and the media representing Gay Americans approves all and is oblivious to anything socially destructive. It can be and is argued that the gay community is not unanimous in its attitudes toward life.

This is not justification of certain destructive practices. Child molestation, sadism and masochism are repulsive and abhorrent to me

and the overwhelming majority of Gay people. Silence will be interpreted as approval, and our very existence will be at stake. It is tragic for all that to some it is all fun and games.

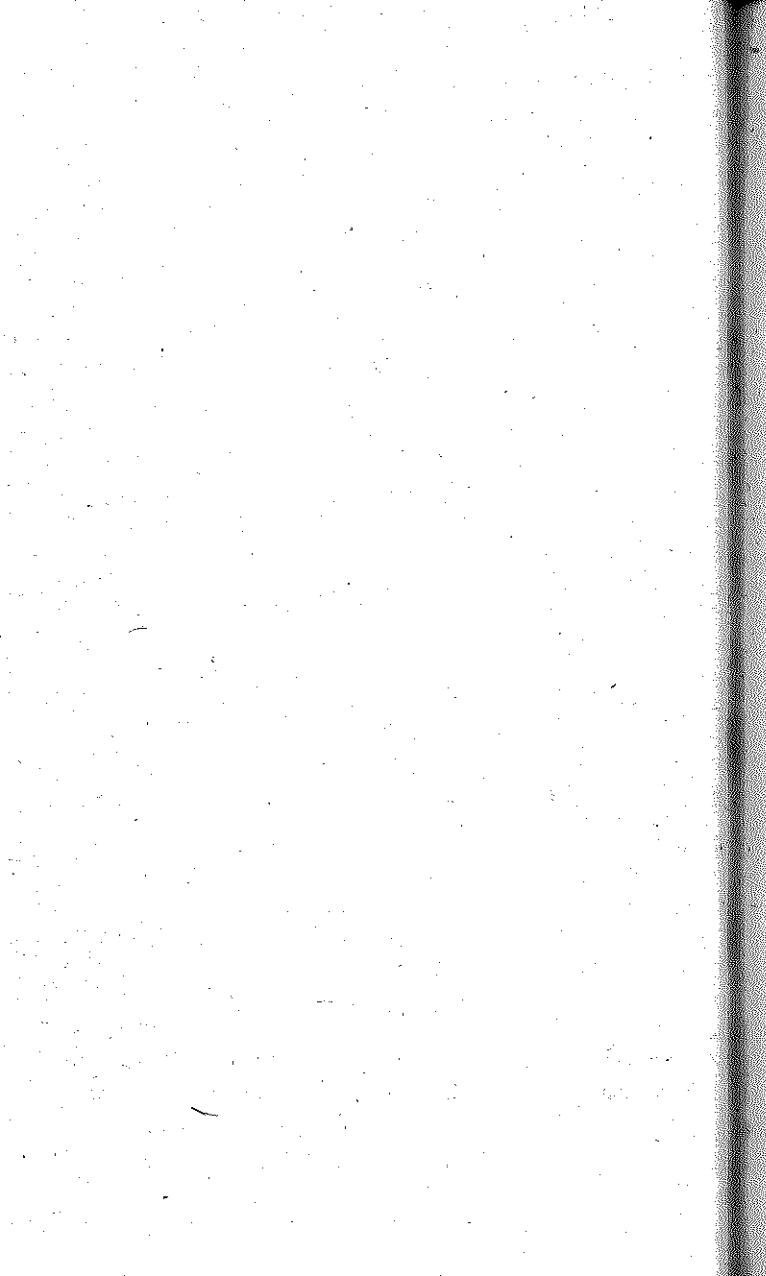
From Christopher Street to Pasadena, Texas, he's been there all along. In the back of the mind. We said times are changing, things are getting better. The "movement" kept its thin-skinned, exculpatory self busy educating and perpetuating itself. Forget the excuses, forget hiding, forget Corona, Manson and other heterosexuals of like notoriety. This one is Gay!

Name withheld  
Los Angeles, California



## **PART FIVE**

***Torture, Dominance and Murder***



*"People are like maggots, small, blind, worthless, fish bait. Rape is not a crime. It is a state of mind. Murder is a hobby and a supreme pleasure."—David Smith, testifying at England's infamous The Murders of the Moors trial.*

In 1936 a young psychologist, Abraham Maslow, became fascinated with the behavior of the monkeys in the Bronx Zoo in New York. They puzzled him because, as monkey watchers always assumed, they seemed to think of nothing but sex. "The screwing went on all the time," said Maslow. Being a Freudian, he thought that made sense until he noticed the frequency with which male monkeys mounted male monkeys and females mounted other females. There were even females who mounted the male monkeys.

Maslow asked himself if it was true that monkeys were simply oversexed because of being in captivity. Then the answer struck him. It was always the highly dominant apes that mounted the less dominant ones, and it made no difference whether they were

male or female.

This piqued Maslow's interest in the whole phenomenon of dominance and he decided to study dominance in women—the naturally undominant sex. He made careful studies of nearly two hundred women and the results produced a startling new psychological concept.

What was so remarkable was that the women seemed to fall quite clearly into *three* groups which Maslow labelled *High Dominance*, *Medium Dominance* and *Low Dominance*.

High Dominance women tended to be highly sexed, masturbating without guilt and even given to lesbian experimentation. To achieve full sexual satisfaction they sought a highly dominant male. Medium dominance women tended to be gentle, looking for marriage and a man who would give them the protection of a home. Low dominance women did not really care for sex at all, considering procreation its chief function and considered the male organ crude and ugly. High dominance women found it beautiful.

In the sphere of crime, dominance based partnerships have been shown to be of a lethal and destructive nature. When a high dominance personality, with criminal tendencies, decides to form an alliance with a medium dominance personality—simply for the purpose of having a slave and disciple—the results can be highly explosive. Crime is an instrument of asserting dominance and the submissiveness of the slave leads the Master to seek out new ways of expressing his power. The history of crime is full of these relationships between high and medium dominance personalities.

The Manson case was a bizarre example of dominance-murder. Charles Manson was thirty-three when he arrived in San Francisco after spending most of his life behind bars for an assortment of petty crimes. The public impression of Charles Manson is that of a demonic, Svengali-like figure with smouldering eyes; in fact he attracted followers by his gentleness, charm, and intelligence.

He preached a "Superman" philosophy and the disciples gathered around and listened. He spoke of universal love and the innocence of the senses. The impressionable young girls who hung on every word heightened his delusions of grandeur. He wanted to be somebody—a Bob Dylan perhaps, an Indian mystic. But when it came to performing, singing his songs, making records, Manson (whose name meant *Man's Son* to his sycophants) the self-styled genius flopped.

So from his frustrations there came talk of revolution, the overthrow of society and a world without his enemies, the "pigs" and "capitalists." It was only a step to prove to himself that he was a man of power and strength. So he ordered his followers to commit murder and his victims included Sharon Tate, the film star whose body was horribly mutilated in the torture killing spree. And there were others—including pop musician Gary Hinman and the supermarket owner Leon Labianca and his wife.

In England they called it the *Murders of the Moors*, and in English crime annals it became the horror of the century. The killers were 28-year-old Ian Brady and his worshipping mistress-slave Myra Hindley. They were accused of murdering three young people—Edward Evans, a 17-year old homo-



sexual, Lesley Ann Downey, a child of ten and John Kilbride, aged twelve. The sexually assaulted bodies of John and Lesley were discovered by the Lancashire police buried in shallow graves on the Saddleworth Moor, near Manchester. Evans had been found in a bedroom in Myra Hindley's house with his head smashed in by an axe.

The killers made tape recordings of Lesley Downey pleading for her life. They photographed the young victim naked with a scarf over her mouth, posing obscenely in the vulgarly furnished bedroom.

Brady's brother-in-law, David Smith, asked to help in the killing, was frozen by the horror of what he saw. He testified, "My first thoughts were that Ian had hold of a life-sized rag doll and was just waving it about. Then it dawned on me that it was not a rag doll. It was the lad, screaming and groaning."

Brady had picked up Edward Evans at the Manchester railroad station buffet and brought him to the shabby, little house he shared with Myra. The lad, wearing tight-fitting blue jeans, probably expected sex—but met murder instead.

Continued David Smith, "There were a couple of seconds of silence and the lad groaned again, only very much lower. Ian lifted the axe way above his head and brought it down again. The lad stopped groaning then. He was making a gurgling noise like when you brush your teeth and gargle with water. Ian placed a cover over his head. He had a piece of electric wire, and he wrapped it around the lad's neck; and he was saying, 'you f . . . ing dirty bastard,' over and over again. The lad just stopped making this noise, and Ian looked up and said to

Myra, "That's it. It is the messiest yet." "

After Smith left the witness stand, part of his diary was entered into the transcript. It read: "People are like maggots, small, blind, worthless, fish bait. Rape is not crime. It is a state of mind. Murder is a hobby, and a supreme pleasure."

In the film, *The Godfather*, the members of the Corleone family, when dispatching an enemy, accomplished it neatly and efficiently—with an air of grace about it. A real-life underworld hit bears no resemblance to the movies, for hoods still show affection for the slow, painful style torture of killing inherited from their ancestors.

Murder is like an invisible shroud enveloping the brothers of the Mafia in its cold, clammy folds. From it, there is no escape, because murder is many things. Murder is the cement that binds the organization together. Murder is vengeance for an injury. Murder is the penalty for betrayal.

Historically, Mafia murders embrace many forms. They are neither neat nor orderly for if there is time there is also torture. How a victim is killed tells the reason for the crime.

In Sicily centuries ago when a landowner complained to his Mafia protectors that a peasant was robbing him blind, the unlucky thief would be found one morning riddled with bullets—his hands cut off. In the Mafia's crude code of symbols, this was the punishment dealt to thieves. If a tongue was cut out and a cork stuffed in a victim's mouth this revealed that he had violated his vow of *Omerta*—never to betray the society's secrets. Cut-off genitals stuffed

into the mouth meant that the murdered man had "offended" someone's woman.

When the Mafia needed to obtain confessions they used the "casetta torture."

The victim was laid on his back on a wooden case about 3 feet long, 2 feet 6 inches wide and 1 foot 6 inches high. His dangling hands and feet were fastened with wires to the sides of the case. The wretched man was then drenched with brine and whipped with a bull whip. In this way the lashes were more painful but left no mark. Then his hair and nails were torn out and the soles of his feet burned. He was given electric shock, his genitals were forcibly squeezed and every now and then a funnel was stuck in his mouth. His nostrils were pinched and he was made to swallow salt water until his stomach swelled.

There were few men brave enough to resist this kind of torture for very long. They always "confessed."

The Mafia's inheritance from the past still pervades the world of its assassins.

William Jackson, for instance, was a 350-pound enforcer for Mob shylocks, money lenders working out of Chicago. A huge, sweating pig of a man, Jackson had a nickname, "Action," because he always got results. When he was fingered as a canary who had talked to federal authorities he got results of a peculiar nature.

Usually the mob likes to keep its murders as discreet as possible. But not this one; they wanted to make an example of Action Jackson. Hence the details of what happened to him became widely known.

First they took him to a cellar somewhere in Chicago. Then they ripped off his clothes, slapped him around a bit, then shot him in the knee for no particular reason. Then, warming to their work, they got in licks with baseball bats, icepicks, feet and fists. No doubt there was more than a little sexual sadism involved because even by Mob standards this set of killers went above and beyond the call of duty.

Sweating hard, because of his enormous weight, Jackson was hoisted onto a meat hook on the wall. His torturers pushed him into the hook and he hung there by his rectum. But this wasn't enough. They took turns applying an electric cattle prod to Jackson's penis.

They kept playing with the penis, these "masculine" Mafia hoods, and when they tired of it, they burned it off with a blow torch. Later they worked on other parts of Jackson's body, and when they took him off the hook his bowels were pulled out. It took Jackson three days to die and when the police found the body in the trunk of his own Cadillac—it was really only a "thing"—it didn't look like much of a man.

The facts of this macabre handiwork were confirmed by conversation which had been picked up on a police wiretap. The assassins were James Torello and Fiore Buccieri, soldiers in the Chicago mob of Sam Giancana.

**TORELLO:** Jackson was hung up on that meat hook. He was so fucking heavy he bent it. He was on that thing three days before he croaked.

**BUCCIERI:** (Giggling) Jackie, you shoulda

seen the guy. Like an *elephant* he was and when Jimmy hit him in the balls with that electric prod. . . .

TORELLO: He was flopping around on that hook, Jackie. We'd toss water at him to give the prod a better charge and he's scream-in' . . . .

Ernie "The Hawk" Rupolo was a Mafia stool pigeon. He had betrayed the infamous Vito Genovese, a ruthless, calculating unforgiving hood who rose from the ranks to become the underworld's most feared Boss of all the Bosses.

It took years before Vito gained his revenge on Rupolo for implicating him in a murder. But it happened—even though Genovese himself was in jail at the time. His boys on the outside took care of the job for him.

First, Ernie "The Hawk" disappeared. He'd been released from prison on the promise of the New York District Attorney that he would be given his freedom in exchange for his testimony against Genovese. When the authorities released him they warned Rupolo he was signing his own death warrant.

The gangster knew it, but he believed he could survive. He had friends. At least that's what he thought.

So he began breathing the air of freedom—moving from place to place, never sleeping in the same bed more than two nights in a row. He begged a few pennies to live on from his friends and from his relatives. The Hawk knew he was a marked man, that any day might be the last of his life.

Then he was seen no more. His friends began to wonder. There was no one to ask. Not the Mob. Not the police. They would hear from them soon enough.

Ernie had been missing about three weeks when his body surfaced in Jamaica Bay on a Queens County Beach on August 27, 1964. His tightly bound corpse had broken loose from some concrete weights and was taken to the New York City morgue where a medical examiner dictated his findings:

*The body is that of a middle-aged white man, 5'9" tall. There is a heavy rope ligature looped around the neck. The wrists are tied together with an intricate series of turns of a yellow woven plastic cord which encircles the abdomen. To one end of this was tied two concrete blocks, tied together with heavy rope and yellow cord and chain.*

*The yellow cord is tied around the right shoe and ankle . . . there are also several loops of heavy chain . . . on removing the shoes and socks, the epidermis of the feet, which is macerated, comes away from the socks . . .*

*Examination of the head discloses considerable maceration and separation and loss of the skin of the nose, with fractures of the nasal bones. The right eyeball is absent and the socket is scarred . . . there is also a bullet perforation with macerated edges on the anterior surface of the neck below the chin on the left side. . .*

*In addition to the bullet tracks, there are multiple stab wounds, seven on the left anterior surface of the chest and four on the right. Two of the four wounds on the right penetrate*

*the chest. . .*

*On the left lateral surface of the chest there are seven more stab wounds. These are up to six inches in depth. . .*

*Cause of death: bullet wounds of head, brain, neck and spine. Multiple stab wounds of the chest, lungs, heart and abdomen. Homicidal.*

Newspapers reported that the bloated, unsightly, horrid-smelling corpse was Ernest "The Hawk" Ruppolo, once a skilled hit man for Murder, Inc.

His brother, Willie, a bookie, made the identification, but not from looking at the "thing" which lay on the marble slab in the morgue. He was able to make positive identification through recalling that Ernie still carried a bullet in his body that had never been removed and that there was a mesh screen in his stomach put there after a hernia operation. Willie also knew the body was his brother from the shoes he wore and the broken zipper on his pants. Without these clues positive identification would never have been possible.

You don't have to dip into the shadowy world of the Mafia to discover bizarre torture slayings. There was Harvey Glatman, for instance, who died in the gas chamber at San Quentin. He had been executed for kidnapping and torturing women. He enjoyed photographing them in captive positions. When he was uncovered and arrested, police found thousands of dollars worth of pornographic pictures in his home. He specialized in collecting pictures of women in black lingerie bound in ropes and chains.

Glatman would dash to the television set with his

camera and shoot a picture of the screen whenever a movie would show a woman bound. When he was still a small boy, he was discovered in his room with a heavy cord tied around his penis to a dresser, leaning back, groaning in pain and ecstasy. \*

Only a few years ago, one of America's most respected actors was found dead in his Hollywood apartment, dressed in women's clothes, his body manacled and tied up. He killed himself by hanging.

For years he had kept his strange aberration a secret; not even his friends were aware of his furtive dedication to cross-dressing and macabre sadomasochistic rites.

Just a few weeks before the Houston murders struck the headlines, another case suggesting overtones of sadomasochism came out of Miami, giving rise to the very real speculation that some sort of epidemic had broken out, the outgrowth of the current fad for S & M sexual games and exploration. Developments in the investigation revealed, however, that it involved an obsessive killer with a long pathological history.

He was 43-year old Albert Brust, a husky former seaman and ex-convict whose had committed suicide by drinking a tumbler of chocolate milk laced with cyanide. Police found his body stretched out in a lawn chair after neighbors had complained of a strange odor, suggesting a decomposing body, that emanated from Brust's house.

The final days of the man's life had been a horrible replay of torture and a longing for sex that evidently had plagued him for most of his life. It began



when he picked up 16-year-old Mark Bernard Matson and a 15-year old girl police named "Mary Ellen" to protect her true identity. Brust was driving a recently acquired car around Fort Lauderdale when he saw the two young people and prevailed upon them to accompany him to Miami. Both were several states away from home and "Mary Ellen," at least, was identified as a runaway.

He was able to lure them into accepting the ride by telling them there was some work around the house which needed doing and that he would pay them.

When they got to the house, Brust took the young people into a bedroom which he had converted into a torture chamber and forced both of them into performing acts of fellatio and cunnilingus while he took photographs.

Matson found an opportunity to jump Brust, but it was a tragic mistake. Brust was armed. He fired three shots into the boy's body, killing him instantly. He dragged him into a spare bathroom, cut off his hands, feet and head and buried him under the concrete in a shower stall. His sexual organs, however, were not mutilated.

"Mary Ellen" was handcuffed in the torture chamber for nearly twenty-four hours while Brust raped her repeatedly. The psychopath did not use any torture devices on her.

Finally he told her, "I have taken a life, so now I'm going to give one back." Brust drove the girl back to Fort Lauderdale and released her. She immediately went to the police and told her story, but the police were skeptical, an opinion that was reinforced when, on calling the girl's mother, they were

told she was a "pathological liar." The authorities presumed she had made up the story to create an excuse for being missing from home.

When police searched Brust's neat brick home they found, besides the torture chamber, a diary which shed some light on the man's warped predilections and led to surmise that he may have been involved in a number of other sex and murder crimes along the eastern coast. Investigation revealed that Brust enjoyed a good reputation in the neighborhood to which he had moved in recent years, although one or two young men maintained Brust had made "passes" at them. A shop owner who knew him fairly well identified Brust as a "bisexual who hung out with Gays."

The dead man's diary revealed that he had bought the house the year before his death and promptly went to work building the torture chamber. His diary said, "no sex yet," indicating that the two Fort Lauderdale hitchhikers had been his first victims.

The diary, begun in 1970, reflects a constant yearning for death, never fully explained. It refers constantly to events of "August and September 1968" which led to a nearly successful suicide attempt, but the diary never explains them.

The diary revealed that Brust was sentenced to prison in New York in 1951 on charges of kidnap, assault, robbery and grand larceny. He was paroled in 1957.

In his writing Brust revealed an almost masochistic urge to return to prison. He appears to have been afraid of age and ill-health. On his fortieth birthday he wrote:

"I notice that my memory and thinking power has

deteriorated in the last two years . . . I fear insanity. I fear prison. I fear the loss of my intellectual and sexual powers, and I fear death. But of them all, I fear death the least. I don't want to be an old fool, a doddering wreck of feeble powers, a remnant of the Brust that rebelled and won a round against this stupid society. You might say that I wanted to die with my intellectual boots on."

In his fear of growing old, there emerges a striking parallel with Dean Corll, who went to such enormous lengths to appear youthful, even when his short-cropped hair and young clothes made him appear ludicrous.

Further into his diary Brust wrote: "I note how much I actually enjoy the solitude the last few years—even more than I did in prison. After work I always get home as soon as possible to enjoy my solitary sanctuary and its music and books and TV. No sex yet, but I'm working on it—slowly but with determined resolve. I know what I want. I need someone for sex, yes, but not an idiot I have to cater to."

The Leopold and Loeb case in 1924, the "superman murder" in which the two young Chicago students, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, went out and killed 14-year old Bobbie Frank for "kicks" was labelled "the crime of the century" at the time. The case was unique and without apparent motive. The killers came from wealthy families and had no obvious reasons for frustration.

But, seen in the light of Loeb's dominance over his more intellectual but less prepossessing partner, the crime—and its motive—becomes easier to compre-

hend. Curiosity, the desire for "thrills" and the need to prove themselves "better" and "less bourgeois" than their friends and relatives drove them to murder.

Loeb had gotten it into his head that he could commit the perfect crime, which should involve kidnapping, murder and ransom. He had unfolded his scheme to Leopold because he needed someone to help him plan and carry it out. For the plot Leopold had no liking whatever, but he had a worshipping opinion of Loeb.

Theirs was the perfect master-slave relationship. Leopold was undersized; he could not excel in games and sports. "Dickie" Loeb became his idol. He was taller, strong and athletic, good-looking. He was good at football and baseball, hence extremely popular on campus. Leopold was satisfied just to be able to bask in the shadow of his companionship and when it became intimate, his delight in his friend was limitless. There were no ends to which Nathan wouldn't go to insure the permanence of the relationship—even to murder.

Both boys had money. Loeb had a couple of thousand dollars in cash at the time of the kidnapping as well as a substantial amount of government bonds on hand. Both enjoyed liberal allowances from their parents and were always able to draw additional funds when they needed them.

Often there was friction between the two boys about their plan. Correspondence between them, published in the press, showed that dissatisfactions reached the point where there was almost a breach in the friendship. But Leopold invariably made concessions to his dominant partner.

Clarence Darrow, the great criminal lawyer, was retained to defend the youthful killers and the case made history because Darrow threw them on the mercy of the judge, pleading the youths guilty and then seeking to prove that their diminished mental processes should enable them to escape execution. Darrow succeeded. They were sentenced to life imprisonment; Loeb was slashed to death by another inmate in a shower stall after supposedly making a homosexual advance. Leopold was paroled in the sixties and died in service to mankind, as a hospital worker.

Darrow placed on the stand ten to fifteen witnesses including many schoolmates of the two boys who testified to their bizarre actions and their belief that neither of them was normal. An alienist tried to explain their "Superman" philosophy and concluded they were decidedly deficient in emotions, as shown by physical tests.

Emotions, the alienist pointed out, were needed to keep people from the commission of unusual acts. He said, "To one in the possession of normal emotional structure, the thought of any act seriously forbidden by custom, law or normal feelings is automatically and immediately - revolting. No such revulsion comes to someone with a defective nervous system. These boys carried the fantasies of childhood into later youth. Both are incipient paranoiacs. No one with a sane mind could commit such a motiveless deed."

Without Loeb's nagging, jeering and ever-present "superiority" over him it is doubtful if Leopold would ever have been anything more dangerous than a scholar too bright and insufficiently creative for

his own—and other people's—good. The yearning to act in a criminal way would have been there, but he would never have acted alone.

Perhaps the most important discovery about dominance was not that it was made by a single psychologist or naturalist; it has simply emerged quietly, until it is now generally recognized and accepted.

Among all animal groups, the number of highly dominant creatures seems to be the same, an average of five percent.

Sir Henry Stanley, the explorer, knew about it and understood it as far back as the turn of the century. When George Bernard Shaw asked him how many men could lead his party, if he became ill, Stanley replied, "One in twenty." When Shaw asked if this was exact or approximate, Stanley replied, "Exact." He was referring to the will to power, to dominate, to succeed, a theory which tallied with Shaw's own conception of the Life Force; the inner drive which leads the more dominant among us to success in our jobs and professions.

Robert Ardrey, author of *African Genesis*, demonstrated the "one in twenty" theory when his research turned up one of the most closely guarded secrets of the Korean War.

No escapes were made by American prisoners. This was because the Chinese captors knew an infallible method of preventing breakouts. They observed the prisoners carefully for a while, then removed the dominant ones—the five percent who represented the "leader" figures. The other prisoners then became much easier to handle.

The Nazis recognized the significance of this when, during World War II, they placed all the most

incorrigible prisoners-of-war together in "escape-proof" prisons. Many prisons now keep their most dangerous criminals together.

From youth Dean Corll established himself as a dominant personality. He knew how to play on his mother's susceptibility and carefully cultivated her dependence on him. No child becomes a "mama's boy" by accident. It begins when a child realizes his own power. And that comes very early in a baby's experience, when his instincts are preparing him for the intelligence he will eventually develop.

Dean showed his astuteness by maintaining a close relationship with his father while discouraging involvement with his stepfathers, men who usurped his primary position with his mother and who were often critical of his behavior. They were the people who initially suspected his homosexuality and to keep his secret, young Corll posed a threat to his mother. Forced to choose between her son and husband of the moment, she invariably turned her affections toward Dean.

The business of Dean Corll's heart murmur remains something of a mystery. Did it really exist or had the child succeeded in fooling a doctor? It wouldn't have been the first time.

In dealing with the problem of school athletics Corll was obliged to resort to strategy. He'd shown leadership qualities by assembling the neighborhood kids into the kind of expeditions he liked—hunting snakes and picking nuts for his mother's candy business. Reasonably, he might be expected to show the same leadership qualities on the sport field. Knowing he couldn't—that his effeminacy might interfere,

Dean leaned on the heart condition to extricate himself from that dilemma.

Corll, like any leader, placed a value on relationships—hence his willingness to go live with his grandmother when she needed him. His astuteness in staying on the good side of his father had paid off in many positive ways, and having his grandmother as an ally might one day prove valuable.

Over and over again Dean used the tricks of channeling his aggressiveness. He understood the subtleties involved in achieving domination over people. He was a good conversationalist and could talk his way in and out of situations at will. There was nothing of the slouch about Dean Corll. He was smart, determined to get his own way, quick at improvisation, ready to meet situations head-on.

In the absence of corroborative evidence we have to surmise that the first threat to Dean Corll's role of dominating leader occurred when he found out he was sexually inadequate. For his sex life to have taken the course that it did he had to be sexually disabled, and some clues probably will be revealed as psychiatrists probe the minds of David Brooks and Wayne Henley. But by the yardstick of the case histories of other mad sex killers, Corll's behavior was consistent with most studies of men possessed of powerful urges toward young people.

Corll was not a true pedophile. Unlike the true pedophile, he preferred teenagers to the very young and Dr. Larark noted, "Sexual motivation is at the basis of every mass murder that has been studied thoroughly. More often than not it is heterosexual in its manifestation. And even then the killer's perception can be blurred. There have been numerous



cases of heterosexual child molester-murderers who selected boys as occasional victims.

"One myth that does not hold true and is revived whenever a case like the Corll-Henley murders surfaces is that homosexuals generally are stimulated by children. This is not the case and the child molester is frequently a heterosexual who is indifferent about the sex of his young victims. It is a dark, murky field and it is very difficult to come up with answers."

"Child molesters follow no rigid pattern, belong to no particular strata of society. They are found among millionaires and in the ranks of illiterate, unskilled workers. Statistics are valueless because reported cases of child molesting represent only a fraction of the total. Most often, child molestation takes place within the family circle, among intimate friends. No one brings charges under circumstances like that."

"Corll has to be regarded as simply a fiend—a man who probably suffered from an illness which became progressively worse as his lust for killing increased."

Few intimate details of their tangled sex lives were to be found in the statements made by David Brooks and Wayne Henley to the police. A great deal of evidence supports the belief that theirs was a Master-slave relationship in which Corll functioned as the dominant figure, the key strategist who enjoyed the thrill of the chase as well as the element of surprise when his vassals produced their new victims.

The scenario appears to have followed a fixed pattern. The hosts at the "parties" proceeded to reduce

themselves and their victims to an alcohol or drug-induced state of euphoria where they dropped all inhibitions and entered into the sex play tingling with excitement. Corll got pleasure from watching his victims chained; taping their mouths was probably a concession to the neighbors. Hearing them scream might have added a special kick to his sadistic impulses. Whips were used, hence the plastic covering for the floor, intended to protect the carpet from being soaked with blood.

The sadists, if anything, were neat and tidy. Had Corll not moved so frequently he might have gotten around to creating a "playroom" especially designed to suit his tastes—one with thick walls, sound proofing, torture racks and cases displaying his torture equipment—handcuffs, chains, nylon web straps, dog collars, leashes, etc. Corll, however, did not appear to be "theatrical" in his passions—he was satisfied with commonplace equipment. He obtained his straps from the supply available at his work, and his only concession to drama appears to have been the medieval-type "torture mask" which he probably picked up from a mail-order catalogue.

There was nothing sophisticated about Corll or his disciples. The pleasure they derived from their exercise in pain and humiliation must have been superficial and animalistic. They looked for sudden release from their passions; having satisfied them, the final act of murder was quick, furtive, fumbling.

From Wayne Henley's conversations with police and newspapermen, he revealed himself as inarticulate and embarrassed when it came to dealing with sex. He was very much the shy teen-ager, the pious, bible-student-churchgoer who couldn't bring himself

to the use of four letter words, yet was incapable of describing sex activity without them. He recoiled at questions pertaining to the specifics inside the torture house as though they were too horrible to be recalled. Yet, according to Brooks, in the frenzy of the excitement produced by drugs and the physical stimulation provided by the boys, Wayne was as brutal in the sex act as Corll.

In Brooks and Henley, Dean Corll had found the ideal slaves. He was believed to have known David since the boy was ten and Henley was drawn into his orbit at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Both boys were the products of broken homes and in search of a father-figure. This was the role Dean Corll knew very well and could assume on demand.

Moreover, by acting out his delusions of youth he could reach them on their own level. Their interests were his. It was the same technique he used when he was the *Candy Man*, luring young boys to the back of his van where he kept a couch ready to accommodate his sexual appetite. He always had presents for the kids. A lot of the boys around the Heights had worked for him at one time or another.

Henley and Brooks, of course, had gotten beyond the age where they could be bought for a few sticks of candy. Wayne told the police that Corll used to pay him five dollars, sometimes ten, to commit oral copulation or anal sodomy with him. When he promised him two hundred dollars if he would procure other boys for him, Wayne said he rejected the idea. "But two years later I needed the money so I started picking up kids for him." As an after-thought Wayne told reporters to warn children against hitchhiking, saying he picked up many victims that way.

The boys were constantly in need of money; Wayne for his family, David, just to get by. Wayne had earned the money to pay for one of his mother's divorces. David's marriage created a new set of problems. But Dean Corll had little beyond his salary, so there was more to the relationship than the small change they picked up.

What we find is a picture of two boys hopelessly caught up in a series of horrendous crimes and a life bound to someone they failed to recognize as insane. That they ever questioned their own mental stability appears doubtful. For it is here that comparison between the Houston trio and the Chicago duo, Loeb and Leopold, asserts itself.

Wayne told the authorities that Dean spent hours with his boys planning their cruising adventures. This appeared to have delighted him. Dickie Loeb was the mastermind of the Bobbie Frank killing, a youth who had gleaned his plan for the "Perfect Crime" from extensive reading of detective magazines. It was he who worked out the details and talked over the planning of the caper endlessly with Leopold.

Leopold worshipped Dickie Loeb. Brooks' attorney said that David thought Corll was the "kindest, most compassionate, most brilliant person he had ever met and could do no wrong." Brooks, it was stated, failed to understand why he had been locked up. He kept asking his father "Why are they keeping me here?"

Like Loeb and Leopold, the young killers were totally without conscience. Henley once asked his jailers why they didn't find the rest of the bodies so he could make bond and go home.

It could have been an act and some of the police who guarded the youths at the time the bodies were being uncovered insisted that it was. "They got kicks from what they did. They're not stupid; they're foxy kids."

Corll's hold on the two boys evidently tied them to him even in death. They still cared for him. The astonishing thing was the ease with which Corll's possessiveness had been maintained. Brooks clearly had completely involved his life with Corll's. Even after his marriage he could not break the tie. Henley was the more independent of the two but repeated flaps between them were always mended and he returned to the house on Lamar Drive.

Neither ever showed a disinclination to act out Corll's pattern of living—even if Brooks claimed that he never participated in the actual killing of a victim. He had not drawn the line at helping Corll bury the boys.

Brooks and Henley were completely subservient to the wishes of Dean Corll. They never questioned his orders. They simply carried them out.

Theirs was the ultimate slave-master relationship, the unquestioning obedience of the two boys serving to feed the warped mind of Dean Corll, driving him on in his quest for new "thrills, new excitement."

The Advocate, in devoting what amounted to virtually a full issue of comprehensive coverage of the Houston Mass Murders, drew attention to the sado-masochism games that have become a major fad in the gay subculture of large cities over the last couple of years. Reported the publication; "S & M devo-

tees . . . insist that no sane S & M follower would resort to murder or actual mutilation. They say Corll was a psychopath."

"But is the distinction these spokesmen are trying to make real or artificial? Are there two separate and distinct phenomena here, or is there a roadway on which it is possible to travel from a relatively well-lighted area into a dark and eerie landscape before one realizes where he is?"

The average person's knowledge of S & M could be engraved on the head of a pin with room to spare. He may have heard something of the old British school tradition of "birching boys" or that the whipping of sailors "before the mast" was performed at the sadistic pleasure of old sea salts like Captain Bligh. And he might shudder at the veiled insinuation in the obituary of a bright and promising young British playwright that death occurred from a violent sex encounter that went astray, that the victim's body was found tied and bound by his own leather belt.

This naivete reflects society's characteristic habit of sweeping anything it considers distasteful or cannot grasp instantly under the carpet. Surrounded as we are by violence, reading as we do daily news stories of sex killings, mass murders, homicides, sadistic knifings, this ostrich-like approach is as unrealistic as it is impractical. Ignoring the disagreeable does not make it go away.

In their zeal to label the Corll-Henley murders as a "homosexual manifestation of the S & M subculture" the media subscribed to a highly debatable viewpoint.

Representing agreement there was Dr. Charles

Wahy, UCLA psychiatrist who told *The Advocate*: "There are sadistic persons who derive intense pleasure not only from inflicting pain, but inflicting it on an unwilling subject, and indeed killing that subject, or maiming that subject."

The professor based his observations on his work with patients, both homosexual and heterosexual, who were in the S & M scene over a twenty year period.

He said "I realize that sadomasochistic relationships exist when there is an interaction—the times in which it is a mutual contract that's done among persons who, I presume, trust one another and who are not so intensively involved in the pathology of sadomasochism."

"We see a lot of patients," Dr. Wahl told the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, "who are participating in homosexual and sadomasochistic activities, and they should realize that they run a substantial risk that the person practicing the sadism is not able to control himself."

"Mass murder is almost totally based on sexual conflict of one type or another."

Larry Townsend, with a Master's degree in psychology, is recognized as an expert on the modern world of S & M and his *Leatherman's Handbook* is exactly what the title implies—a definitive exploration of the gay S & M leather scene from someone who knows it from the inside. Its blurb defines the work as "an intimate account of in-group customs and mores, an appraisal of the S & M personality, both in the back room and in the social world of leather."

In the first chapter titled *Why Leathersex*, Town-

and writes: "While our present day practitioners groove most strongly on black leather, motorcycles and the attendant products of modern technology, there were many ancients who practiced an earlier form of their art with whatever materials were available during their particular lifetime."

"Binding a captive on the battlefield and claiming him as one's property—sexual or otherwise—was common enough in most early civilizations. The Spartans had their helots and the Persians kept slave harems of boys as well as girls. It is hard to imagine that all these prisoners fulfilled every command of their masters without some form of coercion. Nor can we discount the possibility that a number of these masters simply enjoyed the use of their slaves in some form of bondage. Here and there we find a broken pot or dilapidated wall painting which depicts a captive warrior in sexual subservience. Slave markets flourished all over the Mediterranean area, at one time or another, and it is titillating to think of . . . to envy, perhaps, the wealthy Roman or Carthaginian who had only to summon his muscular litter-bearers and to be carried to the town plaza to buy whatever tempting young boy suited his fancy."

"Imagine being able to drive into Times Square or Hollywood-and-Vine—or to some place along Market Street—and buy that rugged number, bring him home in chains and own him forever."

In describing the S & M relationship Townsend wrote, "There is a good deal more involved than the physical abuse of one person by another. The sadist is never going to derive the full pleasure he is seeking unless he provokes an appropriate response from



his subject.

"In other words, the S & M exchange is just that—an exchange basically seeking the same sensual experience as any other interaction. If the masochist is to be subjected to pain, it is only with his express or implied consent."

"If this scene is carried beyond the limits of the masochist it becomes quite a different thing. Those outside the 'leather' circle may not understand why such a relationship can come into being, or how it can be enjoyable; but they should realize that it is in no way lethal."

"One must temper one's own needs to align them with those of the partner. It goes far beyond tying a guy down and whipping the shit out of him. It is an exchange wherein each partner expresses his most deeply guarded urges, and where those concealed portions of his personality become the dominant motivations."

In respect to the Houston Massacre, Townsend noted: "People who are able to express their sexuality, to act out their desires in a nondestructive exchange, are the least likely to commit this sort of crime."

"Even if the components for violence lie within them, the very act of sex tends to become the 'safety valve,' permitting the steam of passion to escape before it causes an explosion."

"It would be my opinion that these dreadful, violent crimes have come into being as the result of individuals who were unable to find socially acceptable outlets for their sexual urgings. With society's cap screwed down so tightly, we can expect that the weakest will sometimes explode."

Supporting Townsend's view that the sadist operates within the limits set by his subject, Newt Slater, a Los Angeles psychiatrist with a doctorate in clinical psychology, said: "The first thing we must look at is that Dean Corll was a sexual psychopath. The particular direction of the psychopathology was toward boys between the ages of 13 and 19, from what we know right now."

"It could just as easily have been directed toward girls at that age, to prepubescent girls, or to animals. This is a recognizable pattern of deviancy that isn't specifically 'homosexual' or 'gay' as such."

"In the case of an S & M transaction, whether it is gay or non-gay, first of all the masochist really at all times controls the transaction through signals—agreed upon by code words—to indicate that his limits have been reached or surpassed. The sadist involved in the game will respect these limits."

Said Dr. Charles Lamark, "Nothing we have learned about the case so far suggests that Dean Corll was involved in an S & M scene. Certainly not in the 'game sense' practiced by the leathermen. I'd suggest that he stumbled upon his affinity for inflicting pain by accident, as most psychopaths do. Being inept sexually, the first thing that stimulated him physically he seized upon, regardless of how outrageous or excessive it was."

"It isn't exactly uncommon for an older man to find his libido restored by activity with a young woman. Corll was far from senile, but it required youth and an act of rape and torture to stimulate his sex impulses. A rational man, faced with this dilemma, would have consulted a psychiatrist."

"Corll didn't, of course. And after his first killing,

when he found himself tingling with excitement, thrilled by the sweat of his palms, the chills of his body, perhaps an orgasm, he had stumbled onto something even more tempting. And it was at this point that he stepped beyond the range of simple molester to sex killer."

"Protracted exposure and practice of far-out sex is addictive and, consequently, dangerous. A man can reach a point where sex without the desired fetish is impossible."

"The cure is a difficult one, even for those with fetishes not considered extreme, the discipline 'games' of S & M, for instance. It amounts to abstaining from whatever sex fetish gives them pleasure. Obtaining similarly inclined partners is not always that simple."

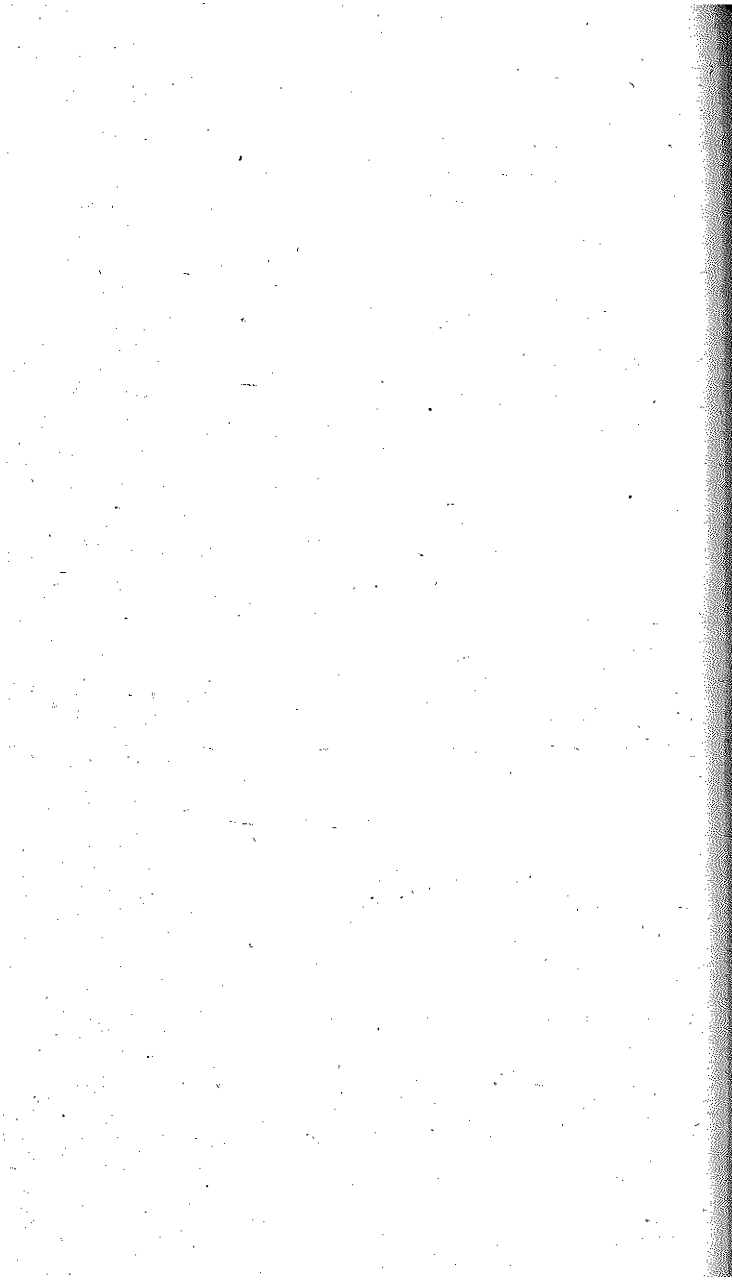
"And it is here that we begin to follow the Dean Corll's tragic journey into a world his intellect had never equipped him to understand. The first boy, the first murder—they sealed his own doom but before death took him out of his own private hell, more than a score of innocent victims lay in the morgue, waiting for their pitiful remains to be identified."

"It is so easy for society to mutter afterward that such a monster should have been killed or put away before he did all that harm. But who was there to recognize his perversions? No one. The sexual psychopath assumes virtually every human form there is, including that of the *Candy Man*."

Dr. Lamark added, "Corll adjusted to life by a permanent regression to the infant level. He acted this out in his choice of companions, his style of sexuality, and his violence.

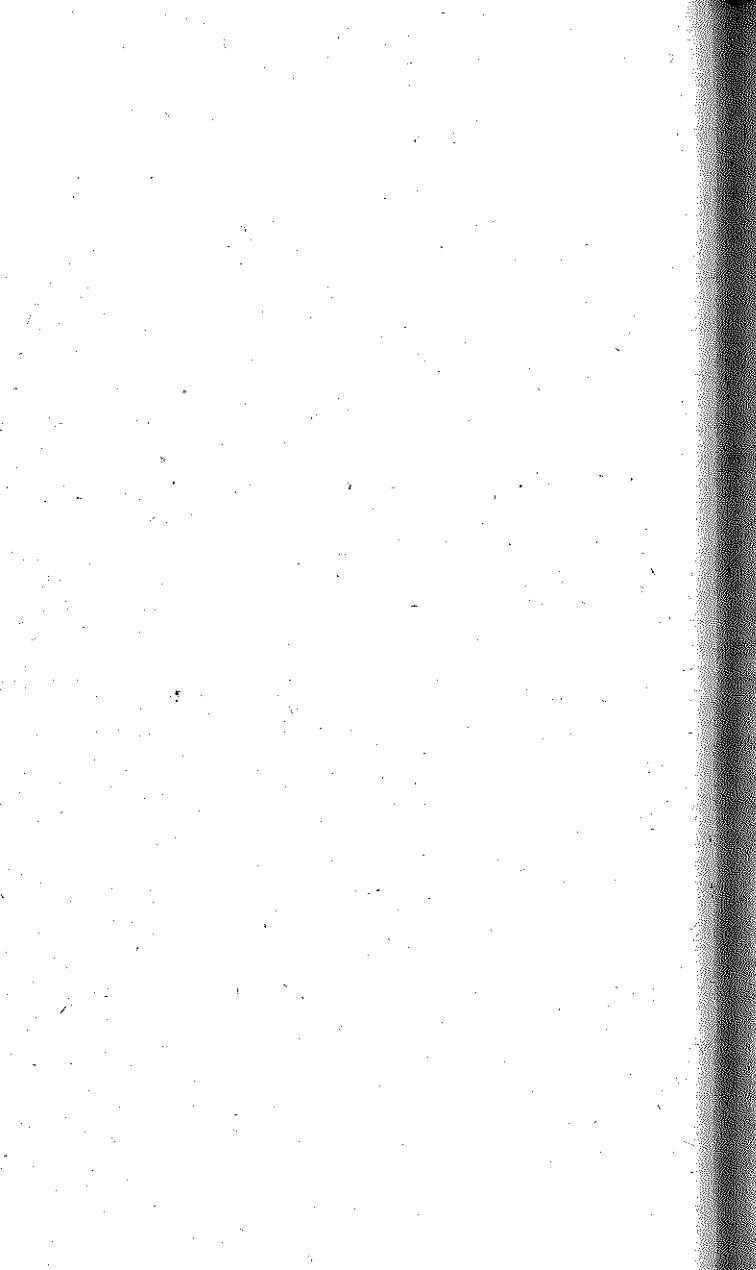
"As long as he confined his social world to one peopled by teenagers whom he supported and controlled, he was emotionally free of the cares and duties of the adult world.

Like a six-year old on a playground, he was not aware of the difference between a male and a female body, and, in the absence of a firm restraining hand, there was no reason why he should not chop up his playmates. We often overlook the fact that *Peter Pan* can be a dangerous man."



# **PART SIX**

***Town Criers Of Death***



*"I don't know where we are going to get a change of venue—to Canada—to London?"—Assistant District Attorney, Houston.*

If ever a murderer was tried and convicted in the press and behind the soundproof walls of a police station interrogation center, he was Wayne Henley.

But how could it have been otherwise?

From the moment detective David Mullican's car drove up to 2020 Lamar Drive in answer to Henley's call reporting the murder of Dean Corll, the youth was emotionally incapable of holding anything back. Confession was his catharsis, the purgation of his emotions.

Wayne wanted to talk and so did David Brooks, his teenage partner in their master-slave relationship with 33-year old Dean Corll. As they led police to the boat yard, to Lake Sam Rayburn and to High Island, pointing out pile after pile of earth marking the burial sites of mere kids who had been the victims of their three-year torture and murder spree, they were the Town Criers of death.



Reporters who followed the grisly parade found Wayne Henley eager to tell them what had happened. Brooks, less loquacious, cooperated fully with the police after signing a confession. His own father had turned him over to the authorities at the first inkling that the blond, long-haired youth had been involved. There were no signs that the boys had admitted their part in the multiple murders under duress.

Without their confessions the full extent of the ghastly serious of crimes might have lain secret for months, even years. The makeshift graves would not have yielded their pitiful burden. If, for the parents of the victims there was no joy in receiving the rotted flesh and withered bones of their children, at least their doubts had been removed. One can mourn the dead but not the unknown.

The climax, we know, of that humid August day of contrition, was the wild, frenzied cry of the killer as television cameras froze on his tortured face when he telephoned his mother, sobbing, "Mama I've killed Dean. Be glad for me. Now, I can live."

Eventually, as the last of the bodies was uncovered and moved in its plastic sack to the morgue, the outdoor circus was over. The photographers put away their cameras, the television crews packed their gear and the press helicopters flew away to other stories. In the cases of the People vs. Wayne Henley and David Brooks, the law began to spin its course.

A half century ago, at the time he undertook the defense of Richard Loeb and Nathan Loepold, attorney Clarence Darrow complained: "Our attention is constantly called to the English and their way; their

newspapers are not permitted to publish details of crimes, or refer to the suspected authors, or otherwise to stir up the mob to anger against the defendant. In America, if the case is one of public interest, a campaign that reeks with venom is at once launched against the accused; columns of interviews and pictures are printed each day."

"What the defendant is alleged to have said is scattered in bolt type all over the pages before the case is tried, and members of the family are followed about and forced to talk. Every prospective juror called into the box knows the case and all its details. He has all the bias of a partisan."

The Dr. Sam Shepherd murder case of two decades ago led to the Supreme Court ruling that Shepherd had not received a fair trial in his native Cleveland because of the pressure of new stories which, before his indictment, thundered for his arrest, boldly accusing him of having killed his wife and hidden behind his well-to-do family. Since that landmark decision appropriate precautions have been taken to protect defendants' rights to a fair trial and, in the main, they have been observed.

What was incorrect in the first stages of the Henley case—if indeed, there were violations of procedure—will eventually be decided in court. To the working newspapermen, the investigation appeared to have been handled within legal boundaries; the press functioning, according to American tradition, as an investigative arm of the police and the court.

While the Medical Examiner's office was still identifying bodies, and even as the search for other graves continued, the Grand Jury of Harris County convened to act in the mass murder case. After po-

lice investigators offered their testimony, there were mysterious appearances before the Jury by two young men who had known both Henley and Brooks, as well as by Rhonda Louise Williams.

The first was a young Houston seaman, Robert Eldridge, 17, stationed at the time with the Navy in San Diego. Eldridge said that he heard about Corll's death, while serving at the recruit training center in San Diego. He was subpoenaed by District Attorney Carol Vance, but apparently appeared voluntarily.

When Rhonda Williams appeared before the jury all newsmen and photographers were excluded from the sixth floor of the Criminal Court building. Judge Criss Cole explained that he had acted in the best interest of the juvenile to protect her from photographs and interviews.

Most of the interest centered in the appearance of a youth wearing a paper sack over his head to avoid identification. The young man had been held in the District Attorney's office under close guard for several hours before being rushed into the court room.

The press speculated, probably correctly, that he was Billy Ridinger, who had been named in Brooks' confession as having escaped from Dean Corll. In his statement, Brooks had said, "I was present at that address (Schuler Street) when they got Billy Ridinger. I took care of him while he was there. And I believe that the only reason he is alive now is that I begged them (Corll and Henley) not to kill him."

In another court, Wayne Henley made his first appearance at a hearing requested by his defense attorney, Charles Melder. He appeared far different from the harassed youth who a few days earlier had shown police and newsmen the graves of his victims. He

wore a neatly pressed blue jacket, black denim trousers and a tooled western style brown leather belt. He was handcuffed.

Henley, so loquacious a few days earlier, remained silent as his lawyer spoke for him and explained his request for the hearing. "The police have treated him fine," he said. "We have no complaints. But the prisoners have been verbally abusing him. He should be in an isolation cell." District Attorney Vance agreed, saying, "I have talked to the sheriff's office. Henley will be placed in an isolation cell. It is a good idea."

Bail was set at \$100,000 on the first two murder charges which had been handed down by the Grand Jury. After the proceedings Henley appeared a sad, dejected and lonely young man as he sat in a small holding cell outside the courtroom. He sat bent over, with his elbows on his knees, his head bowed.

He was overheard talking to his attorney, "I hate to be put in solitary. Ain't there no way to get out of here except on bond?"

The lawyer told him that was impossible. Then Henley wanted to know if there was someone he could stay with in custody, a relative perhaps. Again the lawyer told him that it was impossible.

Wayne's mother and grandmother were both in the courtroom for the hearing and Mary Henley told reporters, "I wanted to see him. Because he hasn't seen a doctor. He's cold and he isn't being fed enough. He hasn't any extra clothes and he hasn't anything to blow his nose in."

As spectators crowded into the courtroom, many were disappointed at not being able to see Wayne. Mrs. Henley heard one young girl complain, "I

didn't get to see him," She retorted angrily, "Well, he's not a monkey."

Two days later Henley and his attorney were back in court as the legal skirmishing began. District Attorney Vance had requested the court to permit an immediate psychiatric examination of the defendant. On the grounds that only the defense could order a psychiatric evaluation of an accused person, Charles Medler opposed the motion, protesting, "Vance was ready for trial. He is ready for a conviction."

Vance answered, "In any kind of unusual murder case, particularly one of extremely sadistic acts as this, you expect an insanity plea. It's best to get ready for it."

Vance's ploy didn't work. State District Judge William Hatten refused to order the examination and requested the D.A. to enter legal precedents for his argument if he intended pressing it further. The court agreed with the youth's attorney that turning Henley over to the county psychiatric unit for examination would violate his Constitutional rights.

Charles Medler told the judge, "I have advised my client not to talk to anyone and I don't think he will." Obviously the lawyer was thinking out loud, hoping Henley would keep his mouth shut for a change.

In contrast to the neat appearance he presented earlier in the week Henley showed signs of wear and tear. He wore an ill-fitting white tee shirt with *County Jail* stenciled on the front. His hair was uncombed and his lawyer had to tell him to comb it.

Mrs. Henley was there again, wearing the gold cross around her neck that reporters had noticed the

first time they talked to her, the morning after Wayne's incarceration at the precinct house in Pasadena. She spoke freely to reporters.

"Every time I get a chance to see him I'm going to be here," remarked the plump woman with fair, smooth skin. Visits were restricted to weekends by jail rules, but Mrs. Henley said she had stopped by to leave her son towels, underwear and money. She denied moving out of the small frame house the family occupied because of pressure from the neighbors.

Mrs. Henley, who had recently undergone a spiritual experience, maintained, "There's no one ugly born. Everyone has been wonderful to me."

"We were living in the house when Wayne was born. Everyone there has known him all his life."

After Judge Hatten turned down Vance's request for psychiatric examination, reporters wanted to know what the District Attorney hoped to accomplish by the move. "If psychiatric examination produced a report stating that Henley was mentally incompetent to stand trial," Vance explained, "the only thing either side could do would be to ask for a sanity hearing by a jury. If a jury found Henley incompetent to stand trial, he would be committed to Rusk State Hospital. He could be brought to trial if another jury found him sane later. But the issue of insanity at the time of the alleged murders still could be raised as a defense."

Court reporters learned that the Henley hearings were being held under extraordinary security precautions. There were more than a dozen bailiffs stationed inside and outside the courtroom and the hearing room's bullet-proof windows had been covered with paper.

Investigators and others connected with the case told of receiving several mail and phone threats on the lives of Henley and Brooks. Threats had even come in from outside Texas. Bailiffs permitted no one to enter or leave while the hearings were in progress, but they stopped short of searching those who entered.

For a couple of days there was a flurry of excitement about reports that, having nipped the prosecution's attempt to get a psychiatric examination, defense attorney Medler would seek out his own head shrink and plead Henley "insane." The insanity defense was eventually rejected but the trial balloon gave Henley's spokesman a chance to say, "After visiting Henley yesterday it is clear that he needs medical attention—badly. He doesn't foam at the mouth, but you can look at a person and size him up, and the boy's not all there."

When the Grand Jury completed its investigation, it handed down six indictments against Wayne Henley and four against David Brooks. The court then decided to separate the cases and place Henley on trial first.

He was named in the murders of Frank Anthony Aguirre, 18; Homer L. Garcia, 15; Charles Cary Cobble, 17; Marty Ray Jones, 18; William Ray Lawrence, 15; and Johnny Delmoe, 16.

Inevitably the constitutional rights of Brooks and Henley would be raised and the question came from famed defense attorney Percy Foreman, veteran of numerous court trials, now 71, a big, husky, 230 pound man, still vigorous and active in Texas courts. Foreman, in a long career, claims to have lost only one man to the death penalty in more than

twelve hundred murder cases.

Foreman told the press that the two teenagers had no real understanding of their legal rights when they admitted their roles in the mass murder. He maintained that the father of Brooks also seriously damaged his son's case in ordering him to sign a statement.

"The fact that they were out there at High Island," said Foreman, "helping dig up evidence against themselves, knowing that finding evidence would result, suggests to me that they couldn't possibly have understood their rights or they wouldn't have been there."

"Regardless of the fact that they were taken before a magistrate and he repeated the catechism of their rights, I don't think the young men understand their rights or they certainly wouldn't have been doing what they were doing, digging their own graves."

"Brooks is doing what his father told him to do which is to talk and he doesn't have to. Nobody suggests the boy tell a falsehood but the law does not require the defendant to convict himself. He refused to sign a statement until his father told him to do so."

"In two months or so the father will go to the defense attorney attempting to undo that which he himself has done."

There were extensive pretrial hearings in Houston after the indictment was handed down, and the court ruled that the confession and various statements made by Henley were admissible as evidence. It was agreed that Henley could not get a fair trial in Houston because of the enormous press coverage, so



the trial was moved to San Antonio, 190 miles east of Houston.

San Antonio was an arbitrary choice and reflected no conviction that a fair trial could be achieved. One Assistant District Attorney said, "A change of venue? Where are we going to get a change of venue to? To Canada—to London?"

The Harris County District Attorney, Carol S. Vance, remained in charge of the prosecution. Henley's courtappointed lawyers were headed up by Will Gray, a Houston Lawyer, bearded, homey, clever at courtroom strategy and well known in Texas for his advocacy in unpopular causes.

Henley faced trial under a new Texas law which does not provide the death penalty in mass murder cases. Before the case even went to trial, there were legislators who went on record as saying they would press for changes in the law.

The new Texas "death penalty law," passed after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that previously enacted laws were unconstitutional, imposes the death sentence under several specified conditions.

It may be invoked if the victim was a peace officer or a fireman, slain in line of duty; if the murder was committed during a kidnapping, burglary, robbery, forcible rape or arson; if the case involved a hired killer; if the murder was committed during a jail break; if the defendant was a convict who killed a prison employee."

"We have an ironic situation here," one prosecutor said. "A court could sentence a defendant to the electric chair for a murder committed during a burglary, but it could only assess a life term in a case in which the defendant was accused of killing twenty-

seven boys."

Lawyers predicted that as a result of the Houston murders there will be changes permitting the death penalty for multiple murders as well as those which involve other types of forcible sex offenses in addition to rape.

There were surprisingly few flaps in the pre-trial work. The attorneys clashed over the jury selection, with Grey charging that one secret selection session violated Henley's rights to a public trial. Gray contended the publicity was just as great as in Houston and moved that the trial be moved out of San Antonio. He also moved to void the Houston indictment because there were no Mexican Americans on the Grand Jury. He requested that the jury be sequestered. District Court Judge Preston Dial turned down all the motions and the trial was scheduled to start on July 9, almost eleven months to the day after the killing of Dean Corll.

The final pre-trial argument involved the press. Judge Preston Dial spoke contemptuously of reporters, calling them a "bunch of locusts." He ordered closed-door jury selection and promptly heard from lawyers for the San Antonio *Express-News*, the San Antonio *Light* as well as *Associated Press*, *United Press International* and an assortment of television and radio stations.

Representatives of the press stated: "The U.S. Supreme Court has repeatedly ruled that what takes place in a courtroom is public property. The framers of our Constitution distrusted Star Chamber proceedings and sought to bar them. We oppose this effort to carry out judicial action behind closed doors and pledge to appeal to the highest courts to insure

the public's right to know."

Judge Dial maintained that permitting newsmen to witness the questioning of jurors would contaminate the jury. "I'm just not going to let the jury get contaminated."

He also excluded Henley's mother as well as other members of the family. He upheld the rulings in Houston that nine oral statements Henley made following his arrest could be admitted in evidence.

Everything simmered down. Judge Dial let up on banning the press and the mass murder trial was set to go. The prosecution said it had summoned sixty witnesses and probably would call thirty of them to the stand.

The imminent start of the trial renewed an old debate in San Antonio—whether the local news media increased the public's insatiable appetite for the sensational or merely reflected it. The city's newspapers as well as television stations have a well-deserved reputation for being the most sensational in Texas, going to extremes to emphasize crime news, especially those crimes involving violence.

Newspapermen and TV commentators could scarcely conceal their glee when it was decided that San Antonio would be host to the mass murder trial. The Henley case became the subject of banner headlines and extensive coverage the moment jury selection began.

It joined a barrage of similar sordid news events occurring over the time period—automobile crashes, domestic gun battles, bar fights. The three TV stations appear to go out of their way to photograph pools of blood and victims of crimes and accidents in their moments of torture, being wheeled into ambu-

lances and carried to safe places.

Spokesmen for the San Antonio news media, especially the local TV stations, insisted that they had made serious efforts to reduce such coverage only to discover their efforts resulted in declining ratings. The San Antonio news stations are also in the habit of going in heavily for advance plugs—putting on several spots during the day as “teasers” for the evening news shows. They usually center on crime.

One of those perturbed by the approaching Henley trial was Dr. Jimmy Allen of the First Baptist Church who wrote in a local newspaper: “Pandering to the lowest appetites of the hearing, viewing and reading public is not a path that responsible media should take.”

“There are ways of reporting the tragic dimensions of man’s evil, without the ghastly details which trigger men to similar acts. But one of the reasons for sensationalism is the public appetite. Public response which rejects the sensationalizing of crime as bad taste could create a different atmosphere.”

While the lawyers and the court occupied themselves with legal points, Sheriff W. B. Hauck took on the job of insuring the security of the Bexar County Courthouse. Because of the magnitude of the case Sheriff Hauck decided to pull in men from other divisions, twelve deputies. There had been no threats to disrupt the trial but no one was taking chances. Hauck tested the security guard around Henley. About sixteen deputies were assigned to the accused youth who, once the trial started, was brought to court every day either in the paddy wagon or a private car.

What thoughts passed through the troubled mind

of Wayne Henley only he could tell. As far as the public was concerned he had been lost in the legal web of the law, closeted away in prison, seen only by his mother and his lawyers. Then there was David Brooks. What of him? His day in court was still to come.

The terrible deeds had been committed. The confessions had been made; their families lived in the depths of despair. There are many things that human beings cannot understand, and of all the fathomless questions that confront and confuse men, the most baffling is the human mind. No one can tell what will be the outcome of any life.

Oscar Wilde wrote:

For none can tell to what Red Hell  
His sightless soul may stray.

# **PART SEVEN**

## ***The Trial***



*"Other means of torture were pulling their pubic hairs out one by one, shoving glass rods up their penis and shoving a large bullet-like instrument in the victim's rectum." Detective Sgt. David Mullican.*

They carried the torture board, the handcuffs, the dildo, the plastic floor covering, the straps into the courtroom and laid them on a large library table standing before the bench. There were the opening ceremonies, the entrance of Judge Dial which brought those doing business with the court as well as the crowded spectators to their feet. The indictment was read and Wayne Henley listened to it in stony silence, not a shade of expression on his pale, bland, passive face. His clothes fell loosely around his emaciated frame and his eyes were hollow and cloudy, giving no clue to his feelings.

Then the witnesses took the stand. There was Detective Sgt. David Mullican of the Pasadena Police who, in the calm, measured tones of the skilled, experienced witness, unfolded the tale of horror that



he had heard from the lips of the accused. He told of sex molestation, torture and finally the murder of wandering and neighborhood boys who had been picked up by the trio of sadists, how one youth was kept strung on a torture board for about three days, of another who "didn't choke easy" and of the elaborate techniques Corll resorted to.

There was an air of unreality as Mullican sat there, so calmly reciting one awful fact after the other—as though he were reading from a drama out of the *Grand Guignol*, a horror story that had been the creation of writer of the macabre. But then there was the setting—the black-robed judge, the attorneys, the jury and pale, pock-marked Henley, the prisoner, flicking not even an eyelash as the detective recalled his own words of the year before.

Mullican showed the torture board and the tool box containing weapons which were used to seduce the victims. Mullican testified that he and Henley were together for roughly three days while the young man showed him where bodies were buried in the boatstall, Lake Sam Rayburn and at High Island.

Mullican explained how the boys were picked up, lured to Dean Corll's various apartments and finally the house on Lamar Drive by promises of a party—plenty of beer and pot, whatever the kids wanted. They were innocent enough—stupid, as well—to be beguiled by the invitation and go along. Then Dean would get out the handcuffs and appear to be playing a game.

Henley told Mullican how the victims were handcuffed to the torture board which was sometimes hung on the wall. Then their mouths were taped so their cries for help couldn't be heard. "Henley and

Corll used devices to sexually abuse all the victims. Sometimes the victims would be spread-eagled facing on the board, but loose a little bit so they could turn to one side or another."

"Often there was more than one victim: When there were two they would be handcuffed to different sides of the board, their hands handcuffed to one end and the feet to the other."

Mullican said that Henley, Corll and Brooks used a rubber dildo on one victim, Billy Lawrence. Henley told me, 'They shoved it up his butt.' "

"Other ways of torture were pulling out their pubic hairs one by one." He said another means of inflicting pain involved taking a "large porcelain bullet-like instrument and shoving it in the victim's rectum." The detective estimated its diameter was one and one-half inches. Handcuffs, he explained, were used in securing the victims. "Henley said he would put on the handcuffs and get out of them because he had the key in his back pocket. The victim didn't know about the key. "It was made to look like a game."

Mullican said Henley told him about Frank Aguirre, one of the victims for whose murder he was charged, who came by the Corll house. "We got him to do the handcuff trick," Henley said. "But of course he didn't have a key." Then Henley related how the two laid Aguirre down on the board and killed him after "Dean had fun with him." By fun Henley told Mullican he meant anal sex and oral copulation.

Mullican recalled Henley telling him that he choked Marty Jones but that it wasn't easy to choke someone to death, "like they show on TV."

"When I killed Marty Ray Jones," Henley said, "I had to get Dean to come and help me."

The boys usually were killed on the same day they were picked up, after Corll had had his fill of abusing them sexually. There was one, Billy Lawrence, who was kept around for three days because Dean liked him. "Lawrence was kept chained to the board for about that time, while Corll played with him repeatedly. Finally he was killed."

Mullican identified the torture instruments of the tool box—a porcelain instrument, two glass rods, a rubber dildo, a revolver, .22 caliber bullets, two handcuff keys, rubber hands and a roll of adhesive tape which were found in Corll's bedroom. They inserted the glass rod in the victim's penis.

Mullican testified that shortly after the first body was found at High Island, Henley started walking down the beach for the others. "Dig here," he said. "I think there's one here. I can smell it."

All the bodies were buried in clear plastic. The bodies found on the beach were buried two and three feet deep under the sand, wrapped in plastic and tied with a rope.

They appeared to be in sitting position. None of the bodies was dressed. They were all completely nude.

The detective also pointed out the wooden box made of plywood with a hinged lid. This was the box used to transport the bodies from Corll's house to the various burial sites. Corll was always careful to back up his van to the house so witnesses could not see the box being loaded into the van.

During Mullican's testimony, Wayne Henley, apparently out of idle curiosity, began handling one of

the handcuffs on the torture board. Suddenly he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the cuff clean. "I ain't going to handle that f—— thing," the killer said as he quickly dropped it back on the table.

In Henley's written statement the court was told, "I killed several of the boys myself with Dean's gun and helped to strangle some. I don't remember the dates. There are too many of them. Some of them were hitchhikers and I don't remember their names."

Henley said that he had been introduced to Corll by David Brooks when he was fourteen and that Corll told him he was associated with an "organization in Dallas that bought and sold boys" and he offered Wayne two hundred dollars for any boy Wayne might bring him—"more if the kid was good looking."

The confession said Henley did nothing about the offer for a year but then needed money "for my people." So he helped Dean Corll pick up a hitchhiker. "I had long hair and all and it was easier for me to talk to them."

Henley helped trick the hitchhiker into trying on the handcuffs, and then left him with Corll. He was paid two hundred dollars. It wasn't until several days later that Henley learned that the boy had been killed by his friend.

That was the end of the two hundred dollar payments. Afterward, Dean never paid Wayne more than five or ten dollars for procuring a boy. But that didn't appear to make much difference for, by this time, Henley himself was involved in the sex games of the older man and had tied himself completely

into his lifestyle. Except when they were "fussing" they saw each other constantly and Corll was as frequent a visitor to the Henley house as Wayne was to his.

Linking victims from the Heights with Wayne were the statements from parents and neighbors—like Mrs. Shirley Dollens who lived in the same apartment complex as Marty Jones and Charles Cobble, the two youths who teamed up after Cobble had a dispute with his parents.

She said that on the night they were last seen that she had been sitting by the pool when both Marty and Charles passed by in the company of a third boy. They were normally very friendly, she testified, but Cobble gave her a "very strange look. I didn't know how to decipher it." She described the third boy as having dark brown hair and a slight moustache. When District Attorney Carol Vance pointed to Wayne Henley and asked if he were the boy she saw with Cobble and Jones, the woman answered, "He looked similar. But I can't say certainly that it was."

Cobble's mother, Mrs. Betty Cobble, and the stepfather of Johnny Delome also testified as well as Louis Garcia, the father of Homer Garcia.

Garcia remembered taking his son to a Houston driver education class the night of July 17, 1973, and that his son generally called up after class to be picked up. The youth called as usual and had a short talk with Mrs. Garcia, but that was the last either of the senior Garcias ever saw of their son.

The proprietor of the Houston driving school produced records indicating Wayne Henley was also enrolled in the school and that he had attended

classes on the night Homer Garcia disappeared.

On the stand, Mrs. Cobble identified a pair of blue jeans, a belt, a blue knit shirt with a white seagull emblem, and a pair of shoes as belonging to her son and a pair of brown pants belonging to Marty Jones. The clothes were found in the beatshed.

Quietly, in a soft voice Mrs. Cobble said she last saw her son in the afternoon of July 25. "These are his pants . . . this is his belt . . . these are his shoes."

Mrs. Josephine Aguirre began to sob uncontrollably when Vance questioned her about her son, Frank. She could answer no questions and was led out of the courtroom.

Betty Joe Shirley, mother of Marty Jones, identified several articles of clothing as those of her son.

When a Houston homicide detective, K. D. Porter, took the stand to testify that he took samples of Wayne Henley's pubic and head hair, there were objections from defense attorney Will Gray.

They were overruled and Porter testified that Henley didn't want to give the hair samples, but Porter told him the police had the right to take them. He admitted that he had not contacted Henley's attorney before taking the sample.

"We explained that they were like fingerprints and we were from the state and we had a right to have them." The intent of obtaining the samples was to match Henley's hair with that found in the plastic bags containing the murdered victims.

Another expert witness was Fred Rymer, a firearms identification specialist, who testified that the bullets that killed Cobble and Garcia were .22

caliber and came from the revolver identified as Corll's, the same gun Henley used to kill Corll.

During recesses, Henley moved around the courtroom and occasionally talked to newsmen whom he had come to regard as friends. However, unlike their previous meetings, he avoided direct questions involving the case. He was neatly dressed with a clean shirt, several collar sizes too large and a wide striped tie. His hair was combed and as the spectators constantly remarked, "He looks just like any other kid."

Henley told reporters that he got along "great" with the officers who took him back and forth from jail. He ducked questions about the reports that the other inmates taunted and insulted him.

At one recess Henley picked up the packages of hair submitted for evidence, took them up as though to get a better light. Then he put them back and returned to his chair.

The impression he gave was that of a totally calm, self-possessed young man. Even when the parents of his victims told of the last times they saw their sons and broke down at the bitterness of the memory, Henley's serenity never deserted him. When Mrs. Josephine Aguirre had to be led from the courtroom, Wayne simply stared into space and did not look at her.

Then came Houston's medical Examiner Dr. Joseph A. Jachimczyk who told of the autopsies he performed on five of Henley's victims. He said Frank Anthony Aguirre and John Ray Dolome died from a lack of air, although Delome might also have died from a gunshot wound in the head.

When asked what happens to a person with a gag stuffed in his mouth and his nose covered with tape,

the physician replied, "He can't breathe, and he dies of air hunger." The person would die in three or four minutes and would be conscious one or two minutes, as long as he is capable of holding his breath."

The pathologist said that one of the other victims he examined was shot, and the two others were shot and strangled.

Going into further detail, Jachimczyk said that the face of Frank Aguirre was completely covered with adhesive tape, there was a gag in his mouth and a hangman's noose around his neck. Johnny Delome had adhesive tape over his eyes, nose and mouth. "There was a gag in his mouth," said the doctor. "Wrapped around his arms and legs were two strips of rope. There was a gunshot wound at the bridge of the nose between the eyes."

The bodies of both boys were little more than skeletons, he said. Both bodies were recovered from the beach at High Island. The bodies of Jones and Cobble were found at the boatshed. Garcia's was dug up at Lake Sam Rayburn.

Fireworks exploded in Judge Preston Dial's courtroom when, after the trial had been under way for about three days, the jurist heard the astonishing news that the media had attempted to contact some jurors. It will be recalled that Dial refused to order the jurors sequestered. Defense attorney Will Gray promptly moved for a mistrial.

Judge Dial then questioned the jury of six men and six women about telephone calls made to them at their homes. They told the judge that reporters



had talked to members of their family and identified them as representing the *San Antonio Light*. The newsmen wanted to know how the trial had affected the jurors' home life and whether it had caused any hardships.

Peter Franklin, assistant managing editor of the paper, in court on assignment from the *Light*, was summoned to the witness stand. He said that he had heard of the phone calls to the jurors but that the assignment had not originated with him.

Gray contended the jury had been prejudiced by the calls since the news media did not generally make such calls and that "the mere fact that a newspaper has seen fit to contact these relatives indicates to the jurors the sensationalism of the case."

Judge Dial denied Gray's motion for a mistrial but promised to take under consideration Gray's move that the relatives of the jurors who spoke to reporters be subpoenaed to testify about the matter.

Throughout the trial, the strategy of defense attorney Will Gray had been to object. During the testimony of the experts, Detective Sergeant Mullican, the Medical Examiner, the ballistics expert and others, Gray arose time and time again to raise objections. On one day newsmen, until they wearied of counting, tabulated more than a hundred objections by Gray.

He called no witnesses to the stand although in the pretrial publicity it was anticipated that he would want to question about thirty. In the last days of the trial he cross-examined Harris County Medical Examiner, Dr. Joseph A. Jachimczyk, about the

body identification, hoping to throw doubts on the state's charges against Henley. He was seeking to discredit identification on the legal grounds that there can be no prosecution for a murder of an unidentified victim.

Gray wanted to know if the Medical Examiner's office had made an error in that another pathologist had given a different opinion as to the cause of the death of Homer Garcia, who was shot and strangled.

The other pathologist, Dr. Jack Pruitt, ruled that Garcia died from strangulation and suffocation. Jachimczyk said that in an autopsy performed five days after Pruitt's, he found that Garcia died from three gunshot wounds, two to the left side of the head and one to the chest. When asked to explain the contradiction, the physician replied, "Pruitt was incorrect."

The Medical Examiner testified that the skeletal remains of Aguirre and Delome, along with the others, had been identified chiefly by using dental records. "We were furnished about 250 to 300 inquiries on missing persons. We checked that information against our skeletal remains. We requested the names of dentists who may have treated the missing persons and obtained their records. We then compared the records with the X-rays and photos we made. We also inquired about clothing to see if that would help."

Jachimczyk told Gray that identification of the bodies hinged on the opinion of the person who made the comparison of the dental records.

"Then if his opinion is wrong, the identification is wrong?" Gray asked. The physician agreed.

Jachimczyk conceded during Gray's cross-ex-

amination that the skeletal remains identified as Delome could have been the partial remains of one person combined with the partial remains of another person "depending on who picked up the remains."

The trial ended after only a week, during which the state did all the talking. District Attorney Vance interrogated twenty-five witnesses and introduced eighty-two pieces of evidence.

"It just seemed like a good thing to do," Will Gray told reporters but would not elaborate under a court-ordered gag rule. "We've got nothing to gain by putting on testimony and helping the state," he added.

In the summation for the state, Carol Vance, based his plea for a guilty verdict on the evidence and Henley's written confession.

He pointed out that the statement, giving the names and circumstances of the six victims was made August 9, 1973, before the bodies had been found, identified, or subjected to autopsy. In each case, the manner of death in the statement—shooting or strangling—matched the later autopsy report.

"There was no way on God's earth that they (the police who were taking the statement) could have known those things when they wrote them down," said the Assistant District Attorney Don L. Lambright.

He asked the jurors, in an emotional appeal, to remember the testimony about how the victims were bound, raped and tortured before they were killed—one for as long as three days.

"I would hope that you give those little boys their

day in court."

He also mentioned the mother of one of the victims who was led from the stand during her testimony. "There's not a solitary thing you can do to help her. You can't bring her boy back. But you can hurt her. And I believe she's been hurt enough."

When it came time for Gray to make his plea to the jury, he asked them to judge the evidence dispassionately, "You have heard an appeal to every bias and prejudice known to humanity, but your duty as jurors is to put all that aside."

Gray criticized the physical evidence presented, saying a box allegedly used to transport the bodies of victims was too small and that the alleged torture board showed no signs of blood.

He also pointed out as "remarkable" that arresting officers could remember self-incriminating oral statements by Wayne Henley for the first time as long as seven months after the statements were allegedly made.

Gray, however, did not discuss the written confession. Since Henley had not taken the stand, there was no opportunity for him to deny making it.

Testimony during the pre-trial hearing indicated that Henley did not see a lawyer for sixty hours after he reported shooting Corll, although the Henley family lawyer sought twice to reach him by telephone.

But officers testified that Henley was fully advised of his legal rights and never requested to speak with an attorney before giving the statement.

Gray contended that the officers' testimony about Henley's conversations with them violated the Texas law which states in part that a defendant's oral ad-

missions of guilt must lead to the recovery of physical evidence before they can be related to a jury. Gray maintained that the physical evidence in the case was recovered from Corll's home before Henley told officers about them.

The state answered that officers weren't aware of the significance of the torture board, body box and the tool box instruments before Henley described what they were used for.

Will Gray watchers—and there were plenty of them among Texas lawyers—were fascinated by his strategy. They believed he was certain he could get another trial for his client on an appeal, because of what he felt were reversible errors. In presenting defense testimony Gray would have afforded the judge an opportunity to cure the errors.

For the good people of San Antonio the Bexar County courthouse had been a focal point of interest in an exciting week. Each morning spectators braved the blazing heat to crowd outside the 120-seat courtroom, jockeying for position to push through the door when the bailiff opened the door.

The crowd represented a cross-section of the Texas city, including the courthouse regulars who knew the language, who could translate the legal strategy for the uninitiated. There were old men in straw hats and torn overalls, mothers with their children, teen-age girls. They couldn't quite explain what had drawn them to the trial with its unpleasant overtones of sexual abuse, strangling, torture and shooting, of young bodies covered with lime and thrown into sandy graves.

They were an orderly crowd. No one pushed ahead of the other, and a great many seemed to be friends. There were quite a few young people. One of them said, "I was visiting here in San Antonio and decided to stay over. You don't get close to a thing like this every day—a really terrible mass murder. But it isn't just that kid who's on trial here, it seems to me. But the whole of society.

"We make the runaways. I was one of them myself. I know what can happen to a kid when he's young and leaves home and doesn't know what to do. I can see where some guy like Dean Corll could get close to him. Kids think they're so smart. They've got a lot to learn. I had to learn it the hard way, and I wish I didn't. I've been busted. I've done time. I don't recommend it."

Then there was the foreign journalist who couldn't get a permanent press seat inside. A colleague supplied him with his coverage of the actual trial, while he collected material from the onlookers and around the city. "They go crazy about this kind of story in Europe today. It didn't used to be. We used to have a lot of respect for Americans. This is the kind of murder case that ought to come out of England. Now here—in California with that Corona fellow and this—just a couple of kids and a dirty man. Violence! That's all you see on television. Crime on the streets! That's all people talk about it. It's hard to understand. I guess it's because we expect so much of America and Americans. It's a shame. That's what—a terrible shame. I'm sorry for you."

One young man, about twenty, came every day alone. Sometimes he got inside; other days he didn't. He spoke to no one. Finally he said, "It was

quite a few years ago. Dean Corll tried to pick me up. I knew it was him from the newspaper stories. He was in that candy truck. One of those kids could have been me."

"I don't know why I'm here. Just curious," said one mother who had managed to find a seat every day of the trial. "I did jury duty about a month ago; it involved a child abuse case. That got me interested. I thought I'd see what this case was like. And I've got a young son of my own. I felt I had a special interest in this kind of thing."

An older woman who admitted she had been coming to court for years said, "It helps pass the time. Gives me something to do. I have a small pension. I live in a boarding house. I don't have housework. So I come here. It's cheap and it's fascinating." But she admitted she couldn't take some of the testimony. "It was terrible. I had to shut my eyes lots of times. I couldn't stand what they kept saying about those instruments shoved in the body."

For the spectators who gained admission to the courtroom the center of interest was Wayne Henley. They kept staring at him, watching to see his reactions. But he disappointed them. Henley's composure sustained him throughout the week and the curious could only keep muttering, "he looks so ordinary—just like any other kid. But you never know . . . you never can tell. . ."

Lost in the sea of humanity swarming over the courthouse (always carefully guarded) was Mary Henley. She was denied admission to the proceedings because of having been subpoenaed as a witness. Mrs. Henley never took the stand. She told one reporter, "You know, it's terribly lonely out here, all

alone." And her voice trailed away.

There wasn't much doubt of their verdict when the jury retired for its deliberations. They had heard a week of prosecution testimony and a day of summations by the two sides. The defense presented no testimony. The pallid 18-year-old junior high school dropout, accused in participating in the sexual torture of at least twenty-six boys, had been specifically charged with six of them. He had not testified in his own behalf. The jurors had seen a written statement he made after his arrest the year before. They looked at evidence. This was the case.

The jury deliberated less than ninety minutes before they reached their verdict of guilty. Under Texas law they would reconvene the following day to determine the punishment.

Wayne Henley received the news with the same stoicism and lack of emotion that had marked his conduct throughout the trial. He smiled and joked with his attorneys afterward. In the back of the courtroom, Mary Henley, his three younger brothers and his grandmother wept.

Through her tears, Betty Shirley, mother of one of the victims, said, "I'm just so happy. Thank the Lord. Thank the people. Thank the state. Thank anybody around."

Mary Henley had a final word for reporters who gathered around her, "I believed he was innocent from the beginning. And I'll always believe it."

The following day the jurors deliberated only fifty minutes before returning to the court and recommending that Henley be sentenced to six 99-year



prison terms—the maximum under Texas law—one term for each of the boys he was convicted of murdering.

Under Texas law, Henley could apply for parole in eight years and four months. Court experts pointed out that multiple sentences of more than sixty years are considered as one for parole purposes.

Before the jury began considering the sentence District Attorney Carol Vance said, "I apologize to the jurors that the laws of the state of Texas do not permit the death penalty in these cases." He told the jury that Henley was a monster who deserved to be removed from society. He called the case "disgusting, sickening and repulsive. It's the most extreme example of man's inhumanity to man I've ever seen."

According to members of the jury only one vote was needed on Henley's guilt or innocence. There was never any consideration given to a light sentence despite the best efforts of defense attorney Gray to paint Dean Corll as the "monster mastermind" of the trio. They were inclined to believe that Henley was in full possession of his faculties and that he had acted with malice. If they had believed there was no malice involved in the six killings he could have received a five to fifteen year sentence on each count.

Judge Dial had kind words for the peppery defense offered by Will Gray. He said, "I've never seen a defense attorney with as keen an eye for potential weakness in a trial proceedings." The judge welcomed Gray's promise of appeal, hoping that it would serve to clarify Texas law in respect to the admissibility of oral statements by defendants.

The trial was a surprise to everyone. It went quickly. There were no legal hitches, few hang-ups, no explosions. But the Houston Mass Murder will be in the courts for years to come. There is the case of David Brooks, for example, still unresolved. His counsel, Ted Musick, maintains that Brooks is mentally incompetent to stand trial and was insane at the time of the murders. And, of course, there will be the appeals in the Henley case.

Things are pretty much back to normal on the Heights these days. When it is hot, which is often, the sun pours down on the tired, neglected frame houses of the working people who live there. The landscaping isn't much, just what you'd expect to find in a part of town that isn't especially well cared for. The grass looks as though it could do with a lake full of water, the trees bend in tired dejection and there are pot holes in the streets.

The bars are the center of social life in the Heights, bars where they serve big schooners of beer—Texas-style, in glasses that are iced in the refrigerator. No dark beer here—just light brew that doesn't taste too heavy. You hear the same country songs on the jukebox day after day—scratchy fiddles bumping into singers who make up with lung power what they lack in vocal agility. But no one notices, so no one gets tired of the constant din. They're barely able to hear themselves talk.

"We're glad it's over," they say time and time again, as though thinking it will make sure that it's gone and won't arise once more to intrude on their grab, workaday lives. You hear few words of sympa-

thy for Wayne Henley. People seem to agree that the ninety-nine year sentence was what he deserved. No one raised the question of his sanity, and David Brooks has all but been forgotten. It's as though it was just one of those things, that it was in the cards for him to rot away in a jail or mental institution.

Then there are the vocal ones, the loud voices spurred on by their liquor. "Gas chamber's too good for him," they mutter over and over. "Best thing would be to lynch him. Leave him slowly hanging in the breeze—like they say over there in Washington."

In the Heights and Houston generally there's a feeling of agreement with District Attorney Carol Vance, "This could have happened anywhere." They wish, though, that it hadn't happened to them. The feeling is that the murder ring was a random intrusion, the accidental conjunction of a vicious older man and two willing teen-age accomplices who escaped detection for three years. They do not dwell on the sex aspects of the case; for some, it appears beyond their comprehension. It is an enigma, an event they can neither explain nor understand.

The Heights was represented at the trial in San Antonio. Besides the mothers who testified there were others, like the parents whose son has been missing for eight months and though he was never identified as one of the victims, they are convinced he was.

The father believes that his boy is buried on High Island, that lonely stretch of beach along the Gulf of Mexico where Wayne Henley and David Brooks pointed out the graves of six bodies. On free days he takes a shovel and goes there to search. "I been down there a lot," he said, "Walking and digging,

walking and digging."

A Parents Community Center was one result of the killings. It has been set up in the Heights as an emergency shelter for runaways. About fifteen runaways live there on money scratched from the Federal government, the state, the city and by way of donations. "It isn't much," said one Heights old-timer, "but it's a step in the right direction. It shows, maybe, that we've learned something."

Just what has been learned from the worst mass murder in U. S. history is open to question—not one but many questions.

In these pages we have heard from a number of people, police, psychiatrists, killers, victims, young people. They speak in different voices, each attentive to his own interests, preoccupied with his own problem.

The runaway is dissatisfied at home, hence he becomes a runaway. The modern parent is incapable of restraining his children. The police are overburdened. Psychiatrists blame sexual repression for the lust to kill. Modern society, some day, is at fault. "Let us return to God and moral values" is the cry of the religious.

There are no set answers.

All we can be sure of is that there were twenty-six young victims, tortured, murdered, buried in shallow graves, their bodies covered with lime.

It is quiet and peaceful along the Bolivar Peninsula at High Island, the village sitting atop a knoll at the end of the Peninsula. Out on the littered beach you can see the family groups as they sit around

driftwood fires struggling to stay alive in the occasional showers. The people fish and wade in the lazy surf.

You can find good fishing at Rollover pass, flounders and sand trout.

And then there are the busy ones—the people crowding into the stores at Crystal beach, Gilcrest, High Island and other stops along the stretch of Highway 97 from Bolivar to High Island. They pile out of their cars and into the taverns, turn on the jukebox, sip their Texas-style beer in frozen glasses, toss coke to the kids.

Now and then someone asks, "Is this the place?"

What comes back is a reluctant "yep" and that about does it. They don't want to be reminded of it—not at High Island or anyplace else along the Highway—the thirty-five miles once travelled by Wayne and David and Sergeant Mullican—travelled by men and machinery who dug into the sand for hours on end, recoiling from the stench, their hands encased in rubber gloves, their mouths aflame with bright cigars from which there bellowed streams of smoke to fight the smell. Then,, gently, they lift their burdens out of the earth—slippery, slimy plastic bags of bones and rotted flesh.

But the lonely father from the Heights is there—walking and digging, walking and digging.

No one notices him.

